CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 28, 1979

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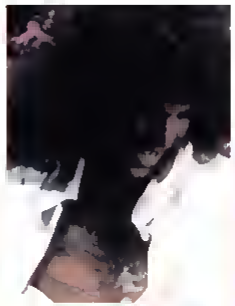
The Anatomy of Happiness



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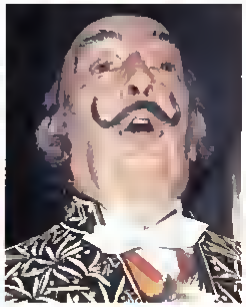


High-flying Gino

Although *The New York Times* dismissed him as another big-voiced Tony Bennett pop singer Gino Vannelli is proving he's more than just a welcome mat of chest hair **Page 4**

Dallying with Dali

Spain's Salvador Dali has been as well known for his idiosyncratic behavior as for his contribution to art Recent investiture at the Académie des Beaux Arts was no exception **Page 32**



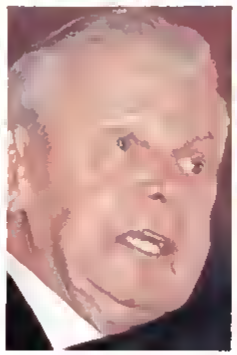
COVER STORY

Happy days are here again

The pursuit of happiness has become as firmly embedded in the publishing industry as it is in the United States Constitution, suggesting that the state of happiness is at least a right of citizenship One of the most controversial harbingers of glad tidings is a Canadian His name—Lionel Tiger His book—*Optimism: The Biology of Hope* **Page 41**



COVER BY BRIAN WELLER/MACLEAN'S



The last hurrah

When John Diefenbaker held the last rally of his last campaign, there was little doubt he was still an icon a strong, confident example of Canadian history on the hoof **Page 16**

Of dressing rooms

As the circus moved out of Madison Square Garden last week, the Montreal Canadiens moved in—giving New York's scalpers a chance to sell the hottest ticket in town **Page 34**



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Editorial



Getting happy: is it a frame of mind, habit of heart or a gist of the genes?

By Peter C. Newman

Because *Maclean's* publishing schedule doesn't allow us to comment on the election results until the next issue, it seemed like an appropriate occasion to examine that most elusive of human phenomena: the attainment of happiness. The cover story (page 41) by our New York bureau chief, Rita Christopher, was prompted by a just-published book by Lionel Tiger, the Canadian scholar who rose to fame with his controversial *Men in Groups*. His new work claims that the capacity for optimism, which produces happiness, is a function not of fortuitous circumstance, but of our genes.

It's not a theory that can easily be disproved, but I have always preferred to believe that happiness is less a result of biological inheritance than of personal attitude. Life for most people becomes a kind of unfolding of miscalculations. It doesn't require much effort to maintain a permanent shield of pessimism, a sour and cynical view of existence best caught in this fragment from one of George Bernard Shaw's *Prefaces*: ". . . if people cannot have what they believe in, then they must believe in what they have."

In the face of such fatalism, the quest for happiness is a subtle and precarious process. In some ways, each one of us is the sum of all the people we have known. The saving grace in personal relationships is not to become a spectator at the events of your own life. Never to hold back. Real happiness almost always has to do with a cathedral intensity of feelings and the banishment of alienation. (Alienation in its many forms denies us clear access to our own needs and desires. It makes us not true to ourselves.)

Equally essential to keeping this sense of alienation at bay is to discover some sensible rhythm to one's life, comparable in its pace and emphasis with nature's ability to draw its seasonal bounties from the earth. Too many urban Canadians have opted for a frantic pace that places so much stress on trying to "get it all" that they have lost the ability to be excited by anything less—to savor simplicity and those protective constants that make up the sights and sounds of our daily rounds.

True happiness creates a magical dimension populated by shared silences and flashes of inner understanding as sudden and mysterious as the midnight scurry of cats across a balcony. It does *not* come from freedom or sex or wealth sought for their own sakes. To persist in believing either in one's own sanctity or worthlessness amounts to suffering from a case of terminal immaturity.

Even if it's difficult to find just cause for much optimism these days, there are always two sides to every equation. "The world is not respectable; it is mortal, confused, tormented, deluded forever," wrote the Spanish philosopher George Santayana. "But it is also shot through with beauty, with love, with glints of courage and laughter. In these, the spirit looms timidly and struggles to the light amid the thorns."

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High-flying Gino Vannelli: more than meets the eye

By Marni Jackson



COURTESY OF A&M RECORDS

Onstage at Carnegie Hall in New York, three singers and seven backup musicians pile up an elaborate scaffolding of music for Gino Vannelli's entrance. Joe, his brother and co-producer, sits in his cockpit of keyboards. At the back of the hall Ross, another brother and co-producer, mans the sound-mix board like an air-traffic controller, making sure the music gets off the ground safely. Gino walks onstage in black pants so tight you could read the date on a dime in his pocket, pants stretched and winched to trampoline intensity. Pants with the prehensile pressure to send Gino flying up into Carnegie Hall's second balcony.

The music is tight, too. Flight music. Gino does not get down; he goes up. "Oh yes I know," he sings with an irony that is hard to gauge, "how much you love me."

That night, however, *The New York Times* reviewer did not love Gino, dismissing him as "basically a big-voiced pop belter, like Tony Bennett or Vic Damone" while noting that "Mr. Vannelli does have a following." Not only does he have a following that filled concert halls on his 34-city tour, completed earlier this month, but Mr. Vannelli also has six albums of his own material behind him, including a symphonic suite performed by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under his direction; an album, *Brother to Brother*, that has gone platinum in both Canada (over 100,000 copies sold) and the United States (more than a million), a Top-40 single, *I Just Wanna Stop*, and two 1979 Juno awards—one for best male vocalist and another, shared with Joe and Ross Vannelli, for best production on an album. Nevertheless, he is still lumped in by the press with less diversified singers such as Tom Jones, an analogy that doesn't go beyond the dark Italian good looks and a welcome mat of chest hair (which, in Gino's case, lifts his shirt a full inch off his sternum, and probably deserves a special Juno in itself). Audiences in French Canada find it easier to relate to the romantic *chanteur* role with his kinship to someone like Charlebois, but in English Canada, the name Gino Vannelli means *the guy with all the hair from Montreal*. Open shirts, sort of disco. *Rolling Stone* wrote off *Brother to Brother* as "Las Vegas, wedding-cake" music. What did Gino Vannelli, the first Montreal pop musician to "go platinum" in the U.S., do to deserve such indifference from Canada, normally quick to pluck even unripened one-hit stars from its native branches, and why does he inspire such a virulent reaction from the critics?

There is, admittedly, a small image problem. Like his native Canada, Gino's tastes are far-flung and loosely confederated. At Carnegie Hall, for instance, this 26 year-old singer, now based near L.A., raised in a Montreal Italian family, was singing a romantic blend of jazz, rock and pop to a New York audience, perhaps a third of whom were an uptown black crowd. Record-store owners stare at Vannelli albums, which bin? In an age of disco and revisionist rock, he wants to try "more jazz, maybe another symphonic album." While groups like The Village People are sending up masculine stereotypes, Vannelli is an unironic, undiluted, old-fashioned male sex symbol, for whom that role is both a source of power, and a trap. There is none of Rod Stewart's B-girl playfulness. Gino is the brown-eyed pin-up boy stuck in the boudoir mirror. He gains fans and spectators with his looks, but he may lose listeners who don't see past his image. Others suspect him of engineering this melodramatic masculinity, when really it is just street-corner Italian machismo, projected to stage size. (After his Toronto concert, Gino's idea of relaxing backstage was to peel off his concert pants and shoehorn himself into another maroon pair, with a high sheen, just as tight. That's his style.)

When Vannelli comes out onstage, as he did at Maple Leaf Gardens, dressed in white boots and a kind of Renaissance pageboy satin outfit, the critics (cynicism tuned high for any hint of a joke they may not get) can't believe Vannelli is sincere. But he is. The excess, the high show-biz, are all Gino, the barber's son doing a class act. Gino knows where he's headed and the critics can eat his dust. "I'll definitely be some place else this time next year," he says, meaning some place higher up, and at the time he is speaking from the 33rd floor of the UN Plaza Hotel in New York.

At noon, on the day of his New York concert, however, Gino's black-and-white stage confidence is grey. The dark hair sits around his face like a bad mood; interviews are a tour necessity, like getting typhoid shots. Oh the reviews, he says, they don't bother him. "I don't read them. It's the music that counts. We have the music and that's all that matters." His brother Joe, 28, enters the room and Gino's soft, wary voice takes on an edge. "Did you read that thing in the *Daily News*?" he asks his brother. Joe runs his eyes over another Tom Jones treatise. Ross Vannelli, 23, joins the group and indignation runs high. Both brothers—indeed the entire Vannelli clan—are fiercely proud and protective of Gino, who returns their loyalty with songs like *People I Belong To*. His girl-friend Patty, blonde, beautiful, and with a manner, like Gino, that combines dignity with openness, slips in and out of the room. He met her four years ago in Portland, Oregon, where she was working in a jewelry store. She was putting Christmas decorations in the window and Gino walked by.

The room is pretty crowded by the time Gino's parents, installed in the suite next door, come in. It feels more like a wedding reception than a concert tour. Joe is defending Gino. "One reviewer in L.A. said Gino's concert was great, but he wished he sang more like Rod Stewart."

PORTRAIT

Joe shakes his carefully scissored head—Gino wears the curls in the family. "Rod Stewart. That's like comparing . . . God with Satan!"

"This man," says Ross Vannelli, as Gino sits between his brothers like a dark, silent godfather, "writes all the time. You have no idea how hard he works." Considering that Ross wrote the hit that ushered Gino onto AM radio and helped break him into the mass market, this is a touchingly modest testimony. But the pride and sentiment are pure Vannelli. What looks like show biz on the stage is all family sentiment off. "What we're doing transcends music, really," says Gino, the trouncing of the media has put some color in his eyes now, and he talks with a directness and a naïveté not so apparent on stage.

Gino's father was a boxer, a barber and a vocalist ("the three things an Italian could be in Canada back then," Gino says) who kept his sons in Frank Sinatra records. Growing up in Montreal, the Vannelli boys listened to Latin bands and went across the border to buy R&B records. (The soul sound lingers on; Vannelli was one of the few white singers invited to sing on the TV show *Soul Train*.) Everyone from Tchaikovsky to Bill Evans, from James Brown to Stevie Wonder, has left a ghost trail in Gino's music. At 16, he had a recording contract with RCA, but "the music industry wasn't happening in Canada 10 years ago" so RCA agreed to release Gino. At 17, he left for New York, where he rented a room with a piano and tried not to be Tom Jones. Which was what Columbia record company executive



PAUL HITTLE

The brothare Vannelli, Ross, Gino and Joe: not just 'I Just Wanna Stop' but symphonic suitas and celestial pop

Clive Davis wanted him to be. But Gino wrote away in his own vein (leaving behind deathless lyrics like "Felicia, I just can't hack you no more") sticking with romantic, fairly private songs. Then he went knocking—literally—on the door of Herb Alpert, the "A" in A&M Records, who signed him up.

The Vannelli brothers were able to spend about eight months, and $125,000 on the production of *Brother to Brother*, their most successful album. "The next album" Gino says "will have a 'jazz-rock-gospel' sound. A bit more spiritual." Always those hyphens, and the strange mix of the godfather role, the macho image and the choirboy face.

During the Carnegie Hall encore, he moves with a heel-flicking, arched-back dance that makes him look like a Greek centaur. But the physicality is tightly reined.

After the concert an orderly stream of women make their way down to the stage, where their arms reach up lazily to Gino.

Later, the fans crowded in backstage all look disconcertingly like Gino. This is because most of them are, in fact, related: uncle Vic, two cousins from Montreal, and Father Higgins, a Harlem priest who once taught Joe Vannelli back in Montreal, wait to congratulate him. "Gino was always making music," his uncle remembers. "When he was 12, he was already in a band, telling the leader how to arrange the songs. The trouble with Gino is that he tries to do too much. He worries about everything; very serious, a perfectionist. I said to him once, 'Gino, take it easy, you're only 19,' and he said, 'It goes by fast, 19 isn't so young.'" And 26 is not very old to be crown prince and patriarch of so many dreams.

Near the end of the tour, at Maple Leaf Gardens, the audience is quiet, attentive. ("A listening audience" is how Ross diplomatically describes the typical Toronto crowd.) When Gino sings *People Gotta Move*, his 1974 avant-disco hit, sounding very contemporary these days, no one moves. People seem content just to look at him or waft along on the music. Although some of his lyrics are pretentiously poetic, Gino's voice, on songs like *Feel Like Flying* or *People I Belong To* can articulate feelings beautifully. For one number, Gino rises out of the stage floor dressed in white, seated at a white piano, in a swirling mass of dry ice; hardly anyone does that with a straight face anymore. Several times, Gino turns and dramatically counts the band into a number, like the sorcerer's apprentice. The barber's son is every inch the maestro of illusion: every girl's prince, every mother's pride, a boy's dream of pop stardom. This is, Gino's voice assures the audience, your pilot speaking. We are cruising at an altitude far above rock 'n' roll. The earth, down below, looks neat and negotiable, like a problem viewed from inside a daydream. Gino onstage is dark but not too dangerous, someone whose parents are in the audience. Tonight they are. We are up in the Galaxy Vannelli. *Oh my father he was a boxer/he worked his body hard to make ends meet/and my mother remains his lover/the things they did/the things they said/go round and round inside my head.*

Just imitators, as they happen

It's a program with a punning three-word name running for 1½ hours daily with a female host and a male announcer who present short segments investigating current topics both light and serious. Got it? It's CBC radio's *As It Happens*, of course, but the description applies just as well to *All Things Considered* broadcast over 210 stations in the National Public Radio (NPR) network in the U.S. It is that network's most popular show (about four million people tune in) and by far the most widely heard of several American clones of *As It Happens*.

Former producer William Siemering was one of the creators of *All Things Considered*, eight years ago. He was in Buffalo, New York, at the time and used to listen to the CBC. "I was certainly aware of *As It Happens*," he acknowledges in praise of that program. Yet he is eager to distinguish his creation on the grounds that the CBC version is a "call-out" show which places telephone calls to the people it wishes to interview, whereas *All Things Considered* encourages member stations to produce their own segments, using interviewers on the spot.

Nevertheless the shows sound remarkably alike, and for a good reason. Another ex-producer, Jack Mitchell, spent a week in Toronto watching how *As It Happens* is produced, then changed his program's format "so we had a very strong female host who was a good interviewer, similar to (*As It Happens*)." Barbara Frum." Mitchell now manages radio station WHA in Madison, Wisconsin, which runs a show called *The Morning People* which he says is a "cross between *All Things Considered* and *As It Happens*." It's that station's most popular show, outdrawing even *All Things Considered* which WHA also carries.

Michael Boyle of station WOI in Ames, Iowa, does not hesitate to identify the inspiration for his show *This Morning*, heard in six states. "It's virtually a duplicate of *As It Happens*," he says cheerfully. The station manager, Donald Forisling, was in Canada, heard it, and was very much taken with it," reports Boyle. The staff monitors *As It Happens* about once a month and Forisling has observed its production in Toronto.

David Feingold, director of news at WOSU in Columbus, Ohio, used to be a senior producer and co-host of *This Morning*. Now he's executive producer of *A.M. Columbus*, on the air since last September. "It's not a carbon copy of *As It Happens*," he says, "but some of the same sensibilities are going into it."

Back in Toronto, Barbara Frum has seen the visitors observing the production of her show. "There's an assumption that everything good comes from the U.S.," she says. "It's so nice that the Americans have taken something from us for a change."

David Weinberger



COURTESY OF CBC

Frum and the program's announcer At Maitland: reverse cultural imperialism



Iran's women at a feminist crossroads

CLOSEUP

By Linda McQuaig

The woman sitting in the back of a taxi in Tehran is plump and pregnant. But covered as she is in the long black Moslem robe, the chador, her bulk isn't particularly noticeable. That, however, is the only advantage Sadireh Abdullahe sees in wearing the thing.

She had never had a chador on until her wedding day three years ago. Combis, her 29-year-old fiancé, hadn't even bothered to mention his preference for them before the big day. But no sooner had he slipped the ring on her finger than he announced she would be wearing the chador from then on. "So for three years I've had to wear it," she says, frowning sourly and pulling the long shapeless material together under her chin. "Otherwise we'd just be fighting all the time."

In Tehran, taxis are customarily shared with strangers and, on this trip, Mrs. Abdullahe doesn't seem to mind sharing her grievances as well. While she talks, her two-year-old daughter, dressed in a short, fluffy white dress, jumps up and down beside her on the backseat. Mrs. Abdullahe's problems began long before the new Islamic regime took power in Iran last February. But thousands of other Iranian women got a taste of her dilemma in March when the word came down from the headquarters of the top spiritual leader, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, that all women were to cover their heads. Debate still rages in Tehran over whether this directive actually came from the ayatollah himself or from extremist mullahs (Moslem priests) within his camp. But incensed women didn't wait for the details. Thousands of them took to the streets for several days of protests and religious leaders, apparently cowed by their vehemence, backed down. But when the demonstrators had all gone home, Sadireh Abdullahe was still wearing her chador. She'll be wearing it, in fact, for the rest of her life, as long as her husband keeps calling the shots.

The chador is just one of the things he has forced on her, even worse was the girl-friend he brought home for three months. "One day, that girl just came and knocked at the door looking for Combis. I asked her what she wanted, and she told me he was her boy-friend and she was coming to live in the house." Mrs. Abdullahe wasn't keen on the idea, of course, but she accepted it, and the 19-year-old moved in. Mrs. Ab-



LINDA MCQUAIG

A March demonstration in Tehran against the chador and (inset) the garment in question. It's not an issue in the slums.



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The F-18A Hornet
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

dullahe then found to her surprise that she got along quite well with her husband's new fling. "I didn't fight with that girl. I really liked her. I blame him." She blamed him enough to want out of the whole deal. "But our families wouldn't allow a divorce, and [illegible]." She looks over at her daughter as her sentence trails off.

Mrs. Abdullahe says most Iranian men are not like her husband. So how did she end up with such a cad? It wasn't even an arranged marriage; Combis, now a successful 32-year-old factory owner, was her choice. She blushes. "He was very handsome. Even now, he doesn't look any older than 25."

But if Mrs. Abdullahe wears her chador reluctantly, there are plenty of Iranian women who wear it by choice. Among the younger ones particularly, there has been a recent move back to the traditional Moslem garment. In the months leading up to the revolution, thousands of women donned the chador for the first time as a symbol of their opposition to the Western-oriented regime of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. Many returned to Western dress after the Shah's government came tumbling down. But some have taken on the chador as a permanent outfit. Thofrani Maryam is a 19-year-old student who is gradually moving toward the chador. Her mother wears Western clothes and so did she until recently. Even now, from the knees down she looks like a typical North American teen-ager in her blue jeans and running shoes. But over this she wears a long navy smock, and her dark hair is pulled back tightly under a beige kerchief—a popular halfway measure which covers the head but allows more freedom than the constricting chador. She shrugs when asked why she has taken up her new way of dressing. It certainly wasn't parental pressure that drove her to it. "I've only done it since the revolution, after I started reading the Koran (the Moslem holy book). This way you don't have to waste time fixing your hair. You can spend that time instead reading or doing more important things." The running shoes and jeans will be the next Western trappings to go, she says. "I want to study the Koran even deeper."





LINDA MCQUAIG

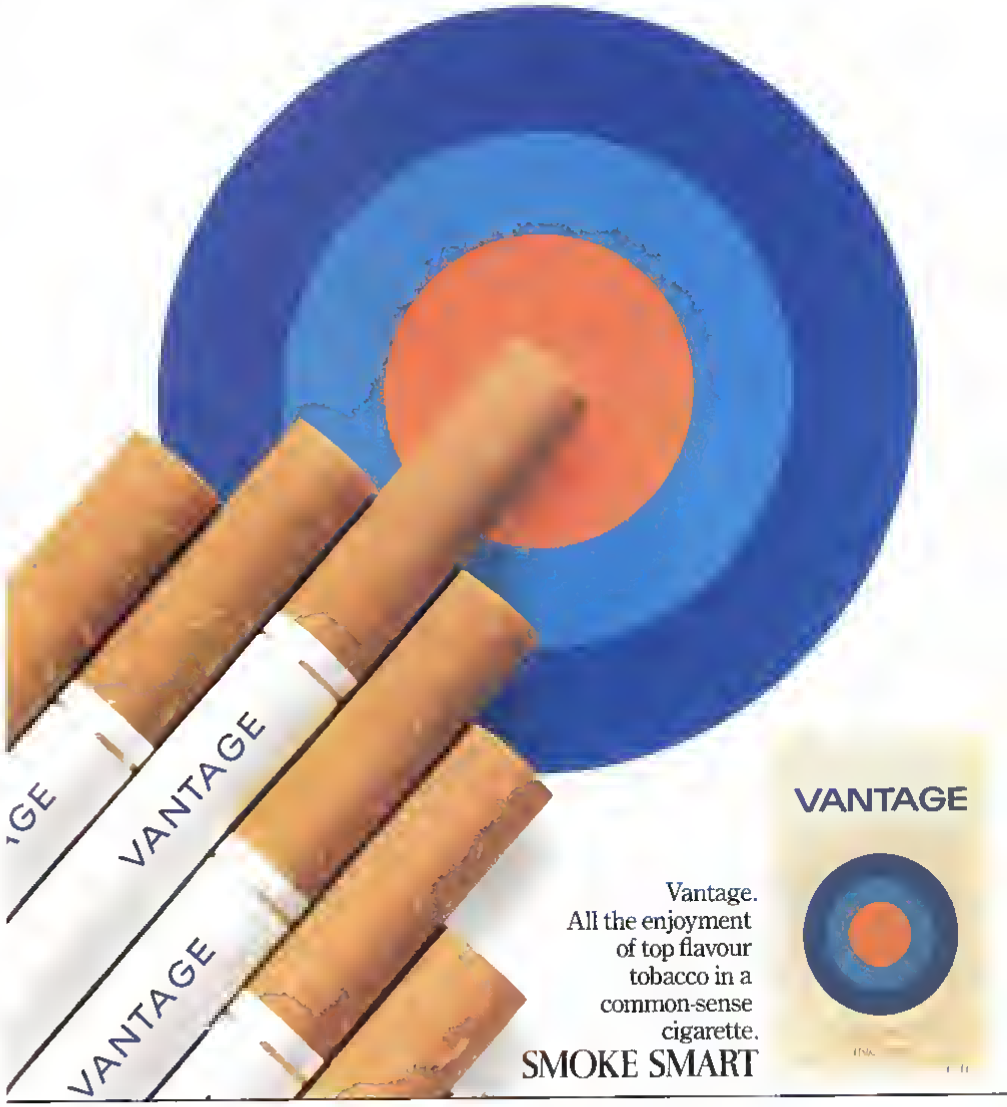
Nateq (above) and shantytown's Hajabassi (below, left): food before feminism

At the University of Tehran, the chador is so prevalent it almost seems like a school uniform. Homa Nateq, a social history professor who wears Western clothes, explains that for many students the chador remains a political statement to show their support for Eastern civilization, as opposed to consumer-oriented Western culture. Consumerism still thrives, however, on the streets of downtown Tehran. About half the women wear Western clothes, some of them unabashedly fashionable. Tehran even boasts a branch of the exclusive French shoes designer Charles Jourdan, and spike heels and silk blouses are not uncommon, even underneath chadors. In fact, while attention has focused on the long black robe, little has been said about what they wear underneath it—sometimes outfits that would turn heads in Paris and New York. Make-up manufacturers do good business, too, since the chador, unlike women's robes worn in more restrictive Moslem countries such as Saudi Arabia, usually leaves the face exposed.

In the slums of Tehran, the story is quite different. Virtually all women wear the chador, often holding it together by gripping it in their mouths. The chador is not an issue here. For Delbar Hajabassi, who lives in a shantytown on the outskirts of the city, the blue robe she wears over her head is the least of her worries. With an unemployed husband, her major concern is finding more food for her six children, who subsist now mostly on yogurt and dried bread.

Hoshemi Rafsanjanu, who sits on Iran's powerful Revolutionary Council, defends the new regime's attitude toward women. Flanked by his chador-clad wife and daughters, the soft-spoken religious leader comes out with statements that would please Gloria Steinem. He claims the Islamic republic will safeguard women's rights. "And not like in the West where women are supposedly free but they are being used economically—like in the cosmetic factories which use women's bodies to make a lot of money." But feminists fear extremist elements within the clergy. Newspaper columnist Janet Lazar-

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ian Shaghaghi says she has heard reports that some villages are discouraging women teachers and are planning to close neighborhood nurseries. So far these threats to female job security haven't gone beyond the rumor stage.

As far as marriage and divorce laws go, again most women are adopting a wait-and-see attitude. Nateq says she won't be upset, however, if the new regime revives the old custom of "temporary marriage" called sigha—a concept which raises eyebrows in the West. Under such arrangements, a man and a woman get "married" for any length of time they want—a year, a day, even an hour. They simply set the time and head to the local mullah for his blessing, though sometimes even that isn't necessary. The big bonus, as far as women are concerned, is that the children of these marriages are legitimate, and the temporary husband is obliged to support them. Nateq is adamantly opposed to polygamy, a custom that has been declining in Iran in recent generations. But she sees temporary marriage in a different light. Although she herself is married, full-time, to an economics professor at Tehran university, she thinks temporary marriage can be a healthy arrangement. "It's just like living with someone. I think it's very democratic."

Dr. Ali Reza Nourizadeh, editor of the liberal weekly newsmagazine *Omid-Iran*, is more cynical about these temporary liaisons. He points out that many temporary wives are widows who go for the arrangement primarily out of financial need. Temporary marriages are especially popular with mullahs who aren't allowed to indulge in casual sex randomly, Nourizadeh explains. And, while the mullah must support any offspring from these affairs, he can have a number of temporary wives at once—in addition to his full-time wife, or wives. "There are some women who think the mullah has the sign of God. So if they become pregnant from the mullah they think they will have God's son, or some bloody thing like this."

But whatever the new Islamic republic may mean for women, one thing is clear. The Shah's widely touted reforms for women weren't what they were cracked up to be. Nateq, who was imprisoned and tortured under the Shah's regime, becomes emotional on that subject. "They have written many laws and they said they did so much for women. But really they did nothing." A woman couldn't even travel without her husband's permission. "Under the Shah, nobody had freedom."

In the taxi, Sadireh Abdullahe is mulling over her dilemma. She's returning from her husband's factory. He hasn't been there since early in the morning, and no one there knew where he had gone. She shrugs her shoulders. She has no idea if he has any new girlfriends now. Does she know that women her age in some Western cities have almost as much sexual freedom as men? Yes, but that doesn't interest her. "Too much freedom is a bad thing," she cautions. She adjusts her chador once again and then wraps her arm around her daughter. Mrs. Abdullahe accepts her fate grudgingly, but her little girl's future is a different matter. "My daughter's never going to wear the chador. Never."

Bootlegging for Jesus

Smuggling with its heart-thumping scares and go-for-bust logic is a calling for the highly motivated. Most smugglers do it strictly for money, a few for the kicks. Brother Andrew does it for God.

The 50-year old Dutch missionary pioneered the art of smuggling Bibles behind the Iron Curtain back in the 1950s and although he no longer does this sort of thing himself—he blew his cover when he published a best-selling book called *God's Smuggler* 12 years ago—he spends his time sneaking other people across frontiers and drumming up the money to finance operations.

At any given moment Brother Andrew (born Anne van der Bijl) has agents from his Open Doors organization in the Netherlands operating in Eastern Europe and other places where times are hard for Christians. But the real rush comes in summer when he trains as many as 100 teams to convey Bibles, money, radios and even the odd brand-new car to what he calls the suffering church.

Brother Andrew, a smallish man with blue eyes who dresses naftily, speaks in measured tones about both his evangelical interdenominational faith and the opposition—the Marxists and atheists. His first van run as a Bible bootlegger came in 1957 when he succeeded in sneaking a load of Christian literature into Yugoslavia. I'd just graduated from missionary school and was casting around for something particularly challenging to do, he says. Between that venture and Brother Andrew's last contraband run—when his car was overtaken on the road by Soviet tanks bearing down on Prague to occupy Czechoslovakia in 1968—came an estimated 50 trips to every Iron Curtain country as well as visits with bagfuls of Bibles and hymn books to China, North Vietnam and Cuba. Now he travels chiefly to Africa on straight missionary assignments and pops up occasionally in Canada and the United States to raise funds.



CLAY MILLER

Brother Andrew: 800 Bibles in a Beatle

Brother Andrew says smuggling Bibles can be harder than running diamonds, dope or gold for the simple reason that Bibles are more difficult to conceal. His couriers use popular makes of cars like Volkswagens and Fiats, cramming pocket-sized Bibles into the panels. "You'd be amazed how many you can get into a VW Beetle," he says. "My personal record is around 800."

But getting caught with Bibles is far less sticky than being arrested with other kinds of contraband. Brother Andrew himself was apprehended three times during his career but was released on each occasion, his load confiscated. "My trick was to talk to my interrogators about religion, not politics, and to enjoin them on bended knee to give themselves over to Jesus. It's surprising how quickly they released me."

Not all Bible smugglers are as lucky, however. Couriers from the 40-odd Protestant organizations who have followed in Brother Andrew's footsteps to smuggle Bibles into Eastern Europe land in serious trouble every year. Some spend a few months in prison (the record is a 3½-year sentence in Czechoslovakia) while others are roughed up and have their vehicles impounded.

The hardest nut to crack for smugglers is the Soviet Union, where border and airport guards are particularly on the lookout for couriers posing as simple businessmen and students. The Russians are quietly preparing themselves for a rush of Bibles during next year's Olympic Games.

Peter Lewis





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Letters

Weather werning

In *Bill Neville, Joe Clark's Weatherman* (May 7), Mr. Neville is quoted as saying that, after his unsuccessful attempt to win the federal riding of Ottawa-Carleton against me in 1974, I telephoned several of his potential employers to warn them against hiring him. I did no such thing. It may be that some people thought that he had been ill-advised in running against a federal cabinet minister if he intended to re-enter public relations work in Ottawa. But neither I nor any of my staff (to my knowledge) made any intervention against him. It is not the first time Mr. Neville has made this statement. I don't like it because it is not true.

JOHN N. TURNER, TORONTO

Ava atque vale

For anyone to take the time off to write a panegyric on the death of a friend during a general election, and have it published as the editorial in Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine was a gesture that, to one reader, showed all is not material in the Canadian psyche. I never knew Tom Liston, but having read *"For the Sun who scatter'd into flight . . ."* (May 7) I now do and feel the richer for it.

JOHN WARD, OTTAWA

Four legs good, two legs bad

While we were quite pleased with your coverage of our campaign in *The Parties of the Third Part* (May 7), there are a few discrepancies which should be brought to light. First, the Rhinoceros Party is not a Quebec party. We are a national party with candidates in Vancouver, Toronto and Peterborough. In the next election we'll be everywhere. We would have been this time but the truth is we just weren't prepared for the election call when it came. Most of our senior staff were attending The World Council on Body Odor. As it stands, we were able to field enough candidates on the national front to obtain recognition as a bona fide national political party. (Scary, isn't it?) Secondly, David Thomas cites Fabien Roy's Social Credit as being the most important in Quebec. We are quite prepared to forgive Thomas for his youthful bias, but he seems to be ignoring the fact that we will probably hold the balance of power after May 22. This is supported elsewhere in your fine magazine by no less an authority than Paul Myles of Goldfarb Consultants. He stated quite clearly that "it's still anybody's ball game,"—then added, "there is an air of indecision." The Rhinoceros Party is firmly committed to an "era of indecision," therefore it can be logically argued that we are best able to represent the aspirations of the mass undecided.

C.M. MCKENZIE,
POLICY ADVISER & ENGLISH MASCOT,
RHINOCEROS HEADQUARTERS,
MONTREAL



ANGUS OF CALGARY

Turner: not the first time it was stated

To ME or not to ME

André McNicholl's article *A Marriage Cult Grows in the Church* (May 7) left me with the distinct impression that in these days of cults, McNicholl was looking for Canada's answer to Scientology and Rev. Jim Jones and came up with Marriage Encounter. McNicholl has obviously not had any real first-hand experience with ME. I have. My parents made an encounter five years ago. They are not, nor have they ever been, "gullible," "naïve" or the victims of "pyramid sellings." Rather, they are two people with a commitment to marriage and each other who found a way to make a good marriage better. Your writer states "there is a curious sameness to encountered couples, an emotional cloning." Ask any marriage counsellor and I'm sure he'll tell you the basic problem in today's marriages is a lack of communication about money, sex and children. That lack of communication is what ME sets out to solve, to make couples look at each other as people, not breadwinner and chief-cook-and-bottlewasher. I resent greatly the allegations that ME wants money and control over its members. You say a weekend costs $180 per couple. But do you know of anywhere a couple can stay for three days, meals included, for less than that? This article is an insult to every couple, priest and nun who ever made an encounter and an insult to my intelligence for supporting ME's work.

DAWN-MARIE FRATTINI, TORONTO

Cut to the quick

In *B.C. Bargain. Double the Fun* (April 30), it is stated "Other hot races include Liberal Stu Leggatt's redistributed rid-



CP

NDPer Stu Leggett: a liberal correction

ing of New Westminster-Coquitlam." Having been an NDP member of Parliament since 1972, to be called a Liberal is the unkindest cut of all.

STUART LEGGATT, MP,
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

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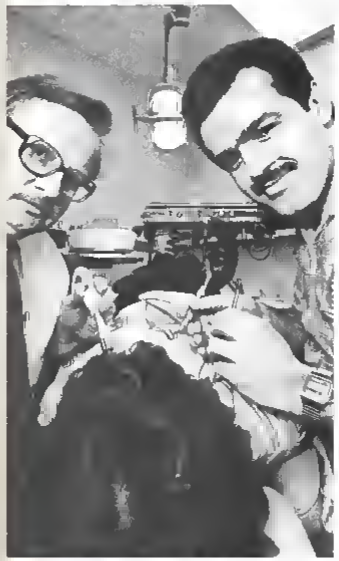
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It's Saturday, just about midnight, and suddenly you're fighting a whopper of a toothache. You don't have many choices. You can sweat it out until the world of dentistry resumes on Monday morning. You can try to track down an on-call dentist through a dental association. Or, if you're lucky enough to be in the Toronto area when pain strikes, you can head straight for the Dental Emergency Service for immediate treatment.



STEVE BEHAL

Emergency dentists MacKay (left) and Boccia in the new Toronto DES clinic: fast, fest, fast relief from toothaches

DES opened for business this month as one of North America's first full-time emergency dental clinics. It has 15 dentists on its rolls taking turns at manning two eight-hour shifts a day, 10 a.m. to 2 a.m., seven days a week, treating emergencies only.

In its first week DES booked in 15 patients, including a man whose lower denture split just before he was due at a special dinner, a woman with her face swollen from an abscess and a man who couldn't chew because of severe periodontal problems. The dentists expect to see hockey accident victims, patients complaining of post-surgical bleeding or pain and people in need of dental repair or cosmetic surgery. Although they will extract teeth if necessary, they would rather refer radical work to the patient's regular dentist.

DES hopes to take up the slack left by private dentists, hospitals and the local Academy of Dentistry emergency service. The academy offers an answering service evenings and weekends which refers callers to two on-duty dentists. But, says DES partner Hugh MacKay: "The system at the academy hasn't worked well enough. Some nights you can call and get a dentist right away,

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sometimes, not at all." Furthermore, patients often must travel considerable distances to get help.

Leonard Terk, a private practitioner who helps out at the academy's emergency dental service, agrees there is a need for DES. "I think it's a good idea, and I'd like to see the academy and the Dental Emergency Service work together in some way."

The first priority for MacKay and the two other dentists who founded DES with him, Aldo Boccia and Adrianne Schmitt, is to make their service known. After receiving ethical clearance from the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, they sent details of their plan to 2,000 dentists in the Toronto area last March. Within a week they received over 50 enthusiastic phone calls, with 20 offers from dentists who wanted to get involved. Now there is one dentist on duty at all times, with a full-time dental assistant for each shift and a fully equipped x-ray room. So far there is only one chair but the partners hope to add another assistant and two more chairs, for a total of three "operatories," within a year.

DES announced its actual opening this month to the original 2,000 dentists, plus 5,000 Toronto-area doctors and 540 pharmacists. Once the word has been spread, the partners are expecting about 60 patients a day, including welfare to insurance cases. Fees will be standard, with a visit including examination, x-ray and treatment costing about $30.

Because advertising of professional services is forbidden, the mainstay of the service's clientele will be referrals from doctors, dentists and pharmacists, as well as by word of mouth. The service cannot even be listed in the phone book, nor can the partners approach hotels to get on their "on-call" lists. Explains Kenneth Pownall of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, "With advertising, you either have to be fairly strict, or wide open. We've chosen to be conservative here in Ontario. It's hard to draw the line. After all, if you can advertise to a hotel, why not a boarding house?"

Events south of the border may, however, bode well for DES. The Federal Trade Commission recently held that the American Dental Association's code of ethics forbidding advertising is restrictive of trade. Early this month the ADA agreed to remove the clause. Whether Ontario will eventually follow that lead is debatable, but Canadian dentists—and the DES partners in particular—will be watching how their American colleagues exercise their new freedom.

Claire Gerus

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Photography by Gerard Gentil

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Maclean's

Canada

Quiet on the Western front

As pundits sifted through the wilted lawn signs and smudged polling records of B C 's May 10 election, many found hints that the next session of the legislature, which reconvenes in Victoria in early June, will see an alteration in its traditional barnyard-brawl style For the first time the NDP, although defeated, scored more than 40 per cent of the popular vote, laying to rest any hoary doubts about its legitimacy as a mainstream party in British Columbia The votes came mainly from the centre, at the expense of the crumbling Liberals In another watershed development, the next legislature will contain members from only two political parties for the first time since Confederation, due to the virtual collapse of both the provincial Liberal and Tory organizations The net effect will be that both the narrowly victorious Social Credit and the NDP will be battling for the middle of the road, sparking cautious predictions of a more moderate if not gentlemanly 32nd parliament.

The view is strengthened by the conciliatory tone of election-night speeches by both party leaders and the popular success of Dave Barrett's low-key campaign which saw several hard-line socialist planks softened Even though the party lost, 26 seats to 31 (a recount may change that total), the NDP style is credited with raising its popular vote percentage to 46 compared with Social Credit's 49 The Socreds, on the other hand, lost three cabinet ministers and four MLAs Many blamed Bill Bennett's unsophisticated dollars-and-cents campaign that was supposed to be focused on Socred budget goodies Instead candidates found themselves defending such hard-nosed (and hard-hearted) cost-cutting measures as the mainstreaming of handicapped children into public schools

Any centrist trend in the house, however, will be modified by the new fact of a tough and strengthened NDP caucus (six of eight new members have legislative experience) However, observers speculate that the closeness of the vote (the famous Frying Dutchman hamburger poll was wrong for the first time in six elections) and the need to hold its newly acquired crossover votes will strengthen the hand of NDP moderates

For his part, Bennett is expected to piggyback his three vacant ministries onto other ministers and not make any appointments until later in June But the post-election presence of fully seven lawyers in the new Socred caucus is expected to exert a polishing effect on the party and cabinet

A key factor in the tone of the next legislature will be the fate of Dave Barrett The common assumption before the election was that Barrett would be out if the NDP lost a second time under his leadership Due to the closeness of the vote and the strength of the Barrett campaign, the assumption has become less clear At any rate, Barrett spent last week on the stump with federal NDP candidates, postponing a meeting of his caucus until after this week's national vote Most observers believe he will stay on for perhaps 18 months before stepping down and forcing a leadership convention Prime contenders include former federal MP Stu Leggatt, accountant and former provincial minister of finance Dave Stupich and former minister of labor Bill King All are viewed as moderates although a strong left-wing candidate is almost certain to emerge

Old hands caution that moderation in the legislature does not mean Barrett and Bennett will soon be sipping tea together at the Empress Hotel In B C , political enmities are deeply ingrained But if Dave Barrett's effective campaign of "quiet discussion" elated the NDP, Social Crediters found such tactics disturbing In a revamped, more experienced and more talented B C legislature, the ghosts of politicians such as Flying Phil Gaglardi may never feel at home again

Thomas Hopkins



ROY PETERSON

The last hurrah

By Peter C. Newman

It's an hour before closing time and the Princess Café, a fluorescent-lit Chinese and Canadian food emporium on Prince Albert's Central Avenue, is nearly empty. A truck driver with a crew cut and knotty, walnut skin is talking to a kid in a Hawaiian shirt. In one corner sit three Indians with closed faces, not saying anything, just sipping giant Cokes, and in their silence you feel as though the fumes of their loneliness were leaking out of them.

The kid is talking politics. "I'm for Diefenbaker. He don't care about agreeing with nobody. He's his own man."

The truck driver leans into his coffee. "Yeah," he says, "Show John the grain, and he'll go against it."

It is the Tuesday night of the week before polling day and his tiny retinue of handlers is nervous. After all, this is the last rally of John Diefenbaker's last campaign. Will the old man fill the hall, even with Peter Lougheed being flown in for the occasion from Edmonton? Can he hold his audience's attention? Will he use the rally for one final, bitter assault on everyone in sight? Can he be trusted?

By eight o'clock nearly 400 supporters have filled the chairs and, suddenly, marching in behind a piper and the Alberta premier, comes the Chief. He looks like a slightly comatose veteran of the Boer War, but he can still change the temperature of any hall he enters, even this plastic ballroom of the Sheraton Marlborough Hotel with its red ceiling and crematorium cheerfulness.

This is Diefenbaker as icon. Canadian history on the hoof.

Lougheed is all tact and heart in his introduction, careful not to upstage the ancient warrior's political swan song. There is a kind of forlorn elegance about the ex-prime minister, slumped on the platform, waiting his turn, trembling with age. But once he's up, the blood rushes into his limbs. His voice is strong, his manner confident and, contrary to the fears of his own stagers, he performs with style and grace. Since he no longer feels the tug of distant political wars, the brew of laughter is never far from his lips.

"They say I'm too old," he bellows, mimicking his Liberal and NDP opponents. "I'll take those birds for a three-mile race any time . . . providing they first agree to an examination [PAUSE] from the neck up!" (Asked later in private how he's really feeling, Diefenbaker's eyes twinkle as he confides, "Like a 20-minute egg [PAUSE] but the doctors scared the hell out of me. They said I was as sound as a dollar.")

He stands, right hand on hip, left forefinger pointing. The clipped participles and long, open vowel sounds lend his speech biblical cadence. His notes keep falling off the lectern, but it makes not the slightest difference. His train of thought seldom survives more than a sentence. ("Where is Canada going? My friends, I never had a family. The one thing denied me.") The galloping non sequiturs and fractured metaphors are, mostly, aimed at Pierre Trudeau.

He blames Canada's horrendous inflation rate directly on the Liberal leader's extravagances in refurbishing his official summer residence at Harrington Lake. ("When I was prime minister, we spent $25 a year. Olive made the curtains.") Dancing out his joy with an energy born of gloating, he goes on to accuse Trudeau of approving secret loans to Idi Amin, showing little respect for the Commons ("Parliament is but a memory") and of being arrogant. ("If Trudeau goes back, Canada ends.")

The exaggerations grow tiresome, but his timing remains perfect. "There is nothing," Diefenbaker drops his voice to confess, "nothing more lonely than being a former prime minister. Being the only one . . ." The long pause reduces the room to hushed reverence. Then comes the punchline. "But after next Tuesday night, I'll have company!" The good, windblown faces in the audience crack up, and one finely coiffed Baptist matron in front of me laughs so hard her hairpin pops out.

The electricity flows through his listeners. Other parts of Canada might be a political graveyard or minefield for him, but here they still love the old Chief. This is Diefenbaker Country, and will be, long after he's gone.

His performance grows boring only when he insists on parroting an endless litany of his past manifestations of courage, almost including the time he didn't flinch when he was getting a smallpox shot. The speech unrolls for 50 minutes, like some wild, finger-painted fresco. The climax comes when Diefenbaker recites the moving coda from his Bill of Rights.

There isn't a dry eye in the house.

At 83, Diefenbaker retains two ambitions: to plant Prince Albert's Diamond Jubilee flag at the North Pole and to outlast Sir Wilfrid Laurier's 45-year record as a sitting federal MP.

In private, he is quietly preparing the pageant of his passing. He has set $100,000 aside for a disadvantaged children's home in Prince Albert to be named after Olive, but his main preoccupation is with the details of his burial. After a state funeral in Ottawa, John Diefenbaker's remains will be carried across the country to Saskatoon aboard a special, slow-moving train ("Just like Churchill's"). Unyielding beyond the end, he has drafted one very specific provision for the ceremony: his casket is to be draped with the Red Ensign which he fought so hard to preserve as the flag of the country he loves.



BRENNAN UPC

All over but the chalk


HARVEY UPC

Debaters before the TV battle: a new definition of violence for the playoffs

Appropriately the final telling statement on the election was not a shouted slogan but a passing remark made in quiet confidence. It came, as it had to, from Pierre Elliott Trudeau, and it occurred as it deserved to on a bouncing, sweaty campaign bus in Sault Ste. Marie. Drained by the overly long eight weeks of electioneering, Trudeau leaned toward a local candidate's ear and said, "I feel like a prisoner chalking the wall."

So too did the 14.5 million eligible voters who survived the 6½ hours of commercials, 300 or so leaders' speeches and untold thousands of handshakes, door knocks and stuffed mailboxes that measured out the 31st Canadian general election. The final week of the campaign had a life of its own, partly due to the massive advertising blitz that brought a new definition of violence to the Stanley Cup hockey playoffs, partly due to the runoff from the inconclusive Sunday night leaders' debate, which either Trudeau or Broadbent won (or lost, for commentators already predicting a Tory victory; Clark still won by coming third).

Despite Clark's showing in the debate, the Conservative party deliberately put its campaign into park for the remainder: the engine barely idling. The Tory confidence grew out of country-wide predictions of victory—a CBC poll that put them back on top (PC with 40.9 per cent of the decided vote; Liberals with 39.6 and NDP 14.5). A late Gallup poll released Saturday suggested the race had tightened. The Liberals and Conservatives were tied at 37.5 per cent, the NDP had jumped to 19. We've got it won," a Tory spokesman told *Maclean's* before the Gallup figures were released. We're not going to grasp at anything the way the others are."

Whether it was grasping or proof that God is indeed a Liberal, Pierre Trudeau's final week was also his finest of the campaign. Galvanized by the debate and a massive natural gas find in the Arctic involving Petro-Canada (see page 37), Trudeau's minute-to-midnight scramble was either glorious, as buoyed Liberals believed, or the act of a desperate prime minister in his last week of action, as Joe Clark claimed. Whatever, Trudeau's sickly campaign rallied impressively in the final days.

The NDP was also fired anew by the debate—"We rattled Clark," a Broadbent aide claimed—and were also in luck when Statistics Canada announced that corporate profits had risen 58.3 per cent in this year's first quarter. Broadbent gave fresh push to his fair prices commission proposal.

It was, however, an election in which the only lasting issue was leadership, where style became master over substance and where the Americanization of Canadian politics slipped into a higher gear. It was also a campaign where one promise, the Tories' mortgage deductibility scheme, often drew louder applause than the local candidates.

The cost of the entire campaign is estimated to be $65 million to taxpayers; the total cost may never be known. In the end, the prisoner's chalk was passed on to the electorate. By late Tuesday—or early Wednesday morning—the writing would be on the wall. **Roy MacGregor**

Halifax

Carrying on with the carrying out

Elroy Mattatall, chief embalmer at one of the Halifax-Dartmouth area's most lucrative funeral parlors, is patrolling a picket line these days outside the establishment that bears his family name. Inside, his cousin, Doug Totten, and his uncle, H.B. Mattatall, former owners of the funeral parlor, are now part of the management team that has taken up Elroy's tools to preserve the business. The strike, believed to be the first of its kind in Canada, has run on for three weeks in an effort to get nine employees, members of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters Local 927, a first contract. The group was certified for collective bargaining last October, but management withdrew from conciliation talks in March. At issue are union demands for a form of closed shop and an explanation of management rights. Wages have not yet been discussed.

The dispute involves A.L. Mattatall Funeral Home, Dartmouth, and Cruikshanks Halifax Funeral Home, Halifax. The two operations are owned by the giant U.S. firm Service Corporation International (SCI) of Houston, Texas, with 2,800 employees at 179 funeral homes and mortuaries, 23 cemeteries and 15 crematoria in the U.S. and Canada. Company sales last year were approximately $100 million. The Canadian division has 19 businesses located in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia.



SHERMAN HINES

Pickater Mattatall: his uncta doss tha work

The Halifax-Dartmouth strikers include, in addition to embalmer Elroy Mattatall, three service personnel, who assist at embelmings, help at funeral services and fetch bodies, plus five with clerical duties. The only other unionized SCI workers are located in New York, organized by the Teamsters, and in Ottawa, organized by the Office and Professional Employees International Union. Agent for the Teamsters in Halifax, Doug Beuree, says sympathy strikes by unionized counterparts in New York are being considered, while in Halifax-Dartmouth the striking funeral workers have been joined on the picket lines by other Teamsters and a few postal workers.

Public reaction to the strike and its picketers has been encouraging, says Mattatall. Several people have expressed sympathy and surprise, he adds, about the long hours and low pay of funeral home employees. Mattatall says he was putting in 98 hours of embalming plus 84 hours on call each fortnight, shuttling between the two funeral homes, for less than $300 a week. Other workers on strike at the two businesses are paid less, he says. Annually, some 700 to 800 bodies receive the services of either Mattatall's or Cruikshank's at an average charge of $1,400.

General Manager Wilfred Burke claims business at the struck homes has not declined, but a competitor, J. Albert Walker, says he is benefiting and so are other undertakers in the two cities. Walker says unionized workers are refusing to allow their dead relatives to be transported across the picket lines, while another recent client without any labor affiliation came to him because "he didn't like the idea of pickets while Mother was being carried to the hearse."

Betsy Chambers

Three million more children for Mother Russia?

As the lilacs ran lo lavender outside her wast Toronto home, teacher Danute Rautins was reminded not of spring but of a scene that took place in her native Lithuania almost 40 years ago when she was 17. "When I smell the lilacs here," she said, "it still reminds me of the time we dug up decomposed bodies of Lithuanians the Russians had killed. It is something I can neither describe nor forget."

Mrs. Rautins' acrid memories of the 1940 Soviet occupation of Lithuania came into sharper focus last week when she read headlines announcing a new Soviet Union citizenship law which will render Soviet expatriates and their children citizens of the U.S.S.R. Actually, the law is simply a codification of a 1938 ruling that, along with other constitutional changes passed in October 1977, will come into effect July 1. But for Canadian citizen Rautins, who fled Lithuania in 1944, and for her six-foot, eight-inch son, Leo, 19, who will undoubtedly be chosen to play basketball for Canada in the 1980 Moscow Olympics, the law is "absolutely and completely unacceptable." Said she bitterly: "Leo will not go to Moscow unless the Canadian government offers complete protection from this law. The Russians have taken my country. They will not take my children."



Olympic hopeful Rautins, smelling lilacs

Whether or not her concern is justified her outrage was shared by members of Toronto's Ukrainian, Estonian, Latvian, Lithuanian and other ethnic communities last week when they held a press conference to denounce the new law. And while Soviet embassy press officer Igor Lobanov proclaimed the publicity the work of "professional anti-Soviets" who had misinterpreted the law, the controversy was promptly turned into an election issue by politicians making a final stump for the ethnic vote. As Joe Clark attempted to assure an estimated three million affected Canadians that "a Progressive Conservative government would closely monitor any attempt by the U.S.S.R. to apply the law to Canadian citizens," External Affairs Minister Don Jamieson was dashing off a reassuring communiqué of his own. It outlined a 1967 consular agreement between Canada and the U.S.S.R. specifying that Canadian citizens travelling on Canadian passports would not be denied permission to leave the Soviet Union. Jamieson also declared that Canadians of Soviet and Eastern European extraction have been travelling to the U.S.S.R. for years without difficulty.

Despite official assurances, lawyer Joseph Pomerant, a member of the Helsinki Human Rights Commission, said of the Soviet-Canada pact: "It is not worth the paper it's written on. Should the Soviets want to use their capacities to harass, if somebody asked me whether they should go to Moscow for the Olympics, I'd say they had to be out of their minds."

Jane O'Hara

Quebec

What price glory? A billion bucks

The proud designer of Montreal's extravagant Olympic Park gazed over his aquiline and royally upturned nose and spoke like an indignant pharaoh summoned across time by some dreary court accountant demanding receipts for building Giza's pyramids.

"We are speaking about works of art," French architect Roger Taillibert pronounced last week as he appeared before Quebec's inquiry into the cost of the 1976 Games. But for Judge Albert Malouf, Taillibert's works were just so much concrete, frozen like fossils in the city's east end after their exoskeletal organisms had devoured the environment that sustained them. Quebec taxpayers are stuck with a $1-billion bill for the stadium, Velodrome and other Games' installations the cost of which was estimated in 1972 at a reasonable $250 million. Taillibert himself was paid fees of $6.8 million after, according to previous witnesses, his refusal to compromise and his tardiness in delivering designs had sent soaring the cost of his still-unfinished symphony in concrete.

The 53-year-old architect and intimate of fellow inflationist Mayor Jean Drapeau was cornered into admitting that he had, for esthetic reasons, refused to shift the location of the Velodrome despite discovery before construction that the supporting bedrock was flawed by a hollow fissure. Instead, Taillibert had $7-million worth of concrete injected into the rock.

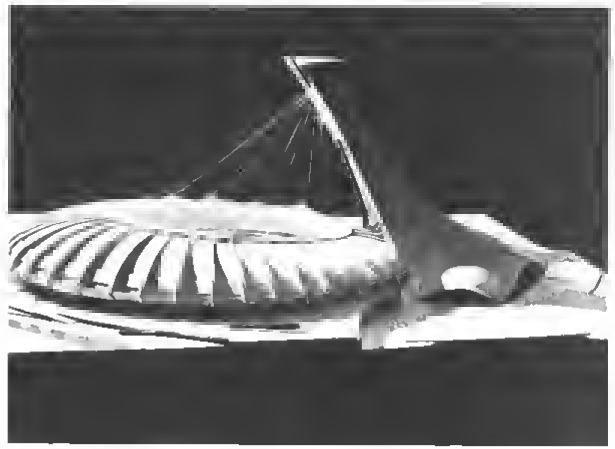
Repeatedly, he sought vindication in history's catalogue of man-made wonders to deflect complaints that his designs were too complicated, the architect asked: "Was the cathedral of Chartres too complex?" And to demonstrate his wisdom in choosing concrete over steel for the stadium, Taillibert found justification even closer to his Paris home, noting that 8,000 tons of paint have been needed to protect the Eiffel Tower's 7,000 tons of iron. Then, to excuse the cost of foundations for the stadium mast, he said: "This will be the first building in history deliberately built on a tilt—the tower of Pisa was an accident." Elevation of the 552-foot Leaning Tower of Taillibert is to start in June with completion due two years and $65 million later. That will permit installation of the stadium's retractable roof, which is still stored in boxes in the French village of Port St. Louis du Rhône—after accumulating warehouse charges of $738,000.

There appears little doubt as Judge Malouf ends public hearings this week that his report, due in September, will cite the grandiose designs of Taillibert and Drapeau as principal explanations for the legacy of sports facilities so uneconomical that last year they cost taxpayers $6 million to operate. But Taillibert may be right: the Olympic structures are true monuments whose price Quebeckers appear willing to pay, as Drapeau's critic-crushing electoral sweep proved last December. For, like the towers of Pisa and Paris, Taillibert's stadium, with its magnificent mast, will in future be held in awe not for its price but of its grandeur.

David Thomas


STOODY CP

Taillibert and mock-up for stadium: 'was the cathedral of Chartres too complex?'



Winnipeg

Of arms and the men who sing

It was one hell of a shopping list. 1,000 anti-tank missiles, 5,000 M-16 rifles, 50,000 grenades and 2,000 pounds of plastic explosive—more than $2.5-million worth of restricted weapons that the two strangers said they needed to overthrow the government of Haiti. A New York contact had told them that they might be able to get the order filled in Winnipeg. The meeting was set for Room 1732 of the Holiday Inn and the would-be revolutionaries settled into a lengthy discussion with two local men who said they knew who could supply the arms and would help arrange delivery. Not far away, RCMP officers were recording every word through a bugging device placed in the hotel room.

When Winnipeg physician Alexander Avurus Apaya, 45, and chartered accountant Barry Dennis Gunn, 36, went on trial last week in Winnipeg, the court was told that the whole weapons deal had been a sham devised by the U.S. government to discover how gunrunning is organized. The plot to overthrow the Haitian government was phoney and the two so-called guerrillas were actually Octavio Pinol, 55, a retired U.S. customs agent from Puerto Rico, and a Sicilian-born U.S. government informer known only as Russo. The court was told that Russo, whom U.S. officials said was linked to the Mafia, was paid $5,000 for his role in the plot.

Apaya, a native of Sudan, and Gunn are charged with conspiring to export restricted weapons illegally from the U.S. and with conspiracy to furnish false information in an application to the U.S. state department for an export permit. Both have pleaded not guilty before Judge Daniel Kennedy, 39, a nine-month veteran of the bench who spent most of the first week of the trial listening to 33 tapes of bugged conversation in hotel meetings ranging from San Juan to New York to Winnipeg, Victoria and Los Angeles. Apaya and Gunn claim they thought the proposed deal was legal—a normal commodities transaction with the duo acting only as middlemen to make a little pin money.

Customs agent Pinol told Judge Kennedy last week that at the Winnipeg Holiday Inn meeting on Nov. 16, 1977, Apaya and Gunn had given him directions to Victoria shipper Francis Ahern, 48, and Clarence A. Morelli, 60, a geologist and ship's captain living at that time in Fullerton, California. Those two would, Pinol testified, arrange delivery of the lethal cargo. A meeting to complete the deal was set up in Los Angeles on Jan. 18, 1978, and four days later Russo and Pinol convened in New York where Morelli took them to John Jovino, a Manhattan arms broker who was to supply the weapons. Although Jovino finally called the deal off, Morelli and Ahern were arrested the next day in their hotel room near La Guardia Airport. A year ago this past March, they pleaded guilty in U.S. district court to conspiring to ship arms illegally. Morelli was setenced to jail for a year



HENRY KALEN

Pinol (left) and Krsmsr: a normal transaction to make a little pin money

and a day while Ahern got 18 months.

Apaya, who is being defended by 35-year old lawyer Jay Prober, and Gunn, represented by Ruth Krindle, 36, were arrested at their Winnipeg homes by RCMP officers January 24, 1978. The frizzy-haired Gunn looked faintly amused and frequently shrugged his shoulders while Apaya, wearing a dark suit and white shirt, scribbled copious notes as the complex tale unfolded last week in court. Both lawyers argue that Crown Attorney Peter Kremer's case is based on U.S. arms export laws which, they claim, should not be applied in Canada. What is on trial, along with the two alleged gunrunners, is a rarely used section of the Canadian Criminal Code, 423(3), designed to control international terrorism. It reads, in part: "Everyone who, while in Canada, conspires with anyone to do anything ... outside Canada that is an offence under the law of that place, shall be deemed to have conspired to do that thing in Canada."

Lawyer Prober argues that because the whole arms deal was a sham, "it really amounts to entrapment, though Canadian law doesn't yet accept that as defence on a criminal charge. Perhaps it's time it did." But his real objection is to 423(3) of the Criminal Code, which could have the effect of turning Canadian courts into branch plants of U.S. justice. "U.S. neutrality laws are based on foreign policy," Prober says, "so it appears the Crown is trying to use our Criminal Code to endorse U.S. foreign policy."

Peter Carlyle-Gordge

The Prairies

Still is the winter of their discontent

Emery Schettler comes right to the point. "It's the physicals, if you know what I mean." There are many people across the Prairies who know all too well what he means. The 37-year-old Schettler is a man at the mercy of the heavens, a farmer at McLean, Saskatchewan, who, in mid-May, was still awaiting the arrival of spring.

It has been a long, arduous wait, and obviously his patience is wearing thin as days turn into weeks and spring seeding remains in a holding pattern. Only last week did winter begin relinquishing its grip on the Prairies, after throwing everyone's timing out of whack. This year, farmers in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are expected to seed almost 54 million acres—weather permitting.

Schettler faces the sizable task of cultivating three sections of land (1,920 acres). But by mid-month he said he still hadn't "turned a wheel" even though at the same time last year he had 400 acres seeded and fertilizer already applied. "It will be another week-and-a-half to two weeks at least before I can get out, and that's only if we get good warm weather," he says. Although he estimates 15 per cent of his land is covered in water, the major problem is frozen soil and snowbanks, which, in some places, are still five feet high. He went out on horseback to survey the remnants of winter early last week and couldn't ride on the road in some places because of the snow. "When you can't get down a municipal road in the middle of May because of snowbanks, then that's got to tell you something."

One thing it's telling Schettler and others like him who face the same dilemma on the Prairies is that they may have to seed grains such as oats and barley, which have shorter maturation periods than wheat. But Terry Harasym of the Alberta Wheat Pool says there is no real need for the concern yet, and farmers won't face the moment of decision unless warm weather is delayed until next week. "Farmers are considering the possibility of changing what they will seed, but in general they will resist making the move as long as possible," Harasym says. For each individual farmer, deciding on the best mix of crops for his particular piece of land in the face of weather and fall market prospects is the year's big gamble. If farmers should, in large numbers, move into barley production, they could easily feel the financial pinch. Based on recent market prices, barley would return only $2.92 a bushel, compared to the $4.86 per bushel selling price of Thunder Bay wheat. Even though yield-per-acre for barley is normally much higher than wheat, it is still a gamble the average farmer would rather not take. A dramatic barley production increase could also drive prices down and make the net loss even more significant.

In Manitoba, where the spring has been a nightmare for families farming in the flooded Red River Valley, the story is even worse. A large portion of 300,000 flooded acres will probably not be seeded this year at all. Don Lockwood of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool voices no great concern—yet. He admits farmers are getting fidgety, but says, "We've been later than this before." He does warn, however, that if the weather continues wet, the 1979 crop could be in jeopardy. The later the seeding, the greater is the chance of frost damage, with harvest delayed into late September or early October.

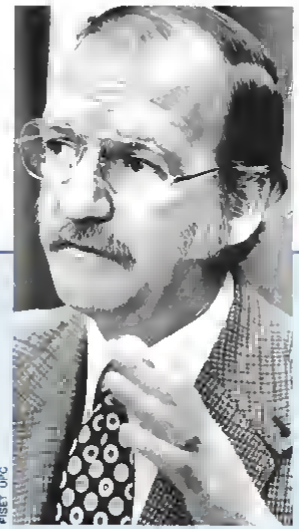
On his spread at McLean, 30 miles east of Regina on the Trans-Canada Highway, Schettler is fully aware of the risks. "I'm a young farmer and I've stuck my neck out a long way," he says. "It's a helpless feeling, but I guess we'll just have to bob and weave a bit and apply ourselves once we can start working."

Dale Eisler



JAN CALDWELL

Wheat farmer Schettler and hired hand Leonard Massey: 'it's the physicals'



PISET UPC

Burns: the end of the phoney war

The day the elastic snapped

To break the chains of his smoking habit, Robert Burns had his ears spiked with acupuncture needles—unsuccessfully. The better to manage his unconcealed relish for gin, he once suggested axing a hole through the floor of his constituency office for quicker access to the government liquor store below. But caught in a profound disagreement with cabinet colleagues over secessionist strategy, the popular Parti Québécois minister found no solution but to quit.

Burns's presence gave René Lévesque's government needed legitimacy within the party's left wing and among committed *independantistes* who, like Burns, had submitted to the premier's will for moderation. But disclosure last week of the parliamentary reform minister's intention to give up politics snapped the elastic holding up the mask of unanimity that has hidden the schisms within Lévesque's government and party. Now, after the double by-election defeat of April 30 which gave the PQ its first effective National Assembly opposition under Liberal leader Claude Ryan and facing a major reckoning June 1 when a full party convention meets to debate Lévesque's pet 'sovereignty association' scheme, PQ cohesion is dissolving.

The reason is the failure of Lévesque and his so-far trusted strategist Intergovernmental Affairs Minister Claude Morin to sell Quebecers on the need for independence. After Burns first blurted it to a couple of reporters in the assembly restaurant, Lévesque confirmed last week that a referendum held now would be a defeat for the government. The premier claimed the PQ has not gained support because it has been waiting until the federal election is past before starting the hard sell. "We have mothballed our political perspective of the future, but once we can begin to explain it, I am convinced we will win the referendum." That was an oblique repudiation of his own earlier insistence that the PQ option is already clear.

To preserve party unity, the premier may choose to lose a clear referendum on political independence rather than risk more open revolt provoked by dissatisfaction with the semantic shell game of sovereignty-association, true confederation, renegotiated pact and other slogans of the soft sell. Whatever the wording, it increasingly appears that the government is likely to hold the vote next fall to give it time to recover from a defeat before an election in 1980. The premier promised referendum timing will be known before the end of June. Certainly the month will mark the end of the phoney war as the PQ scrambles to take by assault what it failed to pitch by stealth.

David Thomas

Hedging the bets . . . just in case

By Tony Geraghty

NATO has between 7,000 and 9,000 short-range nuclear warheads in Europe. They come in all shapes and sizes, mounted on land and submarine missiles, aircraft and artillery shells, land mines and even depth charges. The layman might conclude that this quantity would make even the most nervous general secure, but most NATO defence ministers ended their meeting in Brussels last week with an uneasy feeling that many of their weapons are no longer "credible." By the end of the year it is almost certain that the alliance will approve a program to modernize the weapons.

But what is "credibility"? It's not just about the weapons' destructive capabilities. It is about whether they can any longer be delivered to their targets and even whether they are likely to be used at all if the U.S.S.R. ever makes a conventional armed attack on Western Europe. Until 10 years ago, in the good old days of Western nuclear superiority, the alliance counted on such weapons as the Pershing missile, armed with a 400-kiloton warhead, and nuclear-equipped Canadian Starfighters to zap Warsaw Pact tanks and the East German supply lines, and behind that defence lay the threat of massive destruction by U.S. intercontinental missiles.

But all that has changed. The Soviet Union has achieved parity in the long-range strategic threat and has developed new nuclear weapons which, uncontrolled by any arms agreement, enable the Kremlin to destroy any European capital from bases deep in the Soviet heartland.

One of these "Eurostrategic" devices is the new Backfire bomber armed with long-range, stand-off missiles. Even more potent is the SS-20 missile armed with a massive one-megaton warhead which is mobile, fires multiple warheads, is all but impossible to see on the ground and is thought to be much more accurate than earlier weapons.

NATO Europe is responding to a changed world by putting discreet diplomatic pressure on the U.S. to ensure that a SALT III agreement will bring the SS-20 under control and, more urgently, is looking at ways to modernize its European arsenal, first, by reducing the explosive yield of its warheads while increasing their accuracy and range, and second, by finding an answer to the SS-20 threat. The most fashionable solution is a low-flying Cruise missile which the Europeans, in a pinch, could develop without U.S. aid. Although slow-moving, it can be launched from the back of a truck, from civil aircraft or from ships and could slide beneath the Soviet radar screen to threaten such cit-



West Germans: Lance missile accuracy?



CANADIAN FORCES PHOTO

Canadians in Norway: watching Muppets

On guard for the new Hong Kong

Northern Norway is the habitat of the reindeer and a small furry creature known as the great northern glutton. After prolonged negotiations between Oslo and Ottawa, it is also the war zone—if war comes—for 4,000 Canadian soldiers, some of whom, with a touch of graveyard humor, refer to the area as "the Hong Kong of the North." The reference is to the mistake made by Allied planners in the Second World War when they put Canadians into Hong Kong just in time for them to be taken prisoner.

Other NATO troops that exercise in Norway include U.S. marines who regularly need hospitalization for exposure, and Arctic-trained British commandos who do not. But in spite of Norwegian pressure, they are not committed exclusively to that theatre. For two years that distinction has belonged uniquely to a Canadian army brigade group and two squadrons of 10 F-5 fighter aircraft each.

To reduce the three weeks or so required to deploy the troops and their equipment to Norway, there is now much talk of pre-stocking the brigade's weapons, ammunition and vehicles near the battle zone, enabling the troops to travel light during a crisis. Recently, however, the Norwegians have proposed an even more ambitious scheme. Why not, they suggest, standardize with the Norwegian army and re-equip the Canadian brigade with Leopard tanks to replace their 1940s'-designed Lynx scout cars and 155mm self-propelled guns to replace the existing towed 105mm artillery pieces? The cost is estimated by one Oslo military expert at around $240 million and would fall on the Canadian taxpayer.

It would, it is admitted, be a hard sell. But the Canadian military, aware of the formidable armored and amphibious muscle which the Soviet Union could deploy there, is examining the Norwegian plan seriously. Otherwise, it thinks, the Canadian brigade could find itself hopelessly outgunned.

Even in peacetime the Soviet-Norwegian border is an edgy place where the Norwegians take exquisite care not to cause offence. There are, after all, just four million Norwegians, and their only regular soldiers are the 4,000 officers of a conscript army totalling 20,000. (Mobilization would boost that total tenfold.) A mere 130 men patrol the frontier itself.

Even officially sponsored Western journalists are smuggled into the area as tourists and are not invited to sign the hotel register. An innocuous photograph of a signpost proclaiming "Soviet Union" is gently confiscated by an escorting officer. The only jokes are about the Soviet KGB border guards' performance on skis. "We call it The Muppets show," one officer confided. (But the Norwegians, let it be said, also wish their Canadian allies would trade in their snowshoes for skis.)

Over the last year the Soviet Union has been leaning more heavily on the Norwegians—overflying their territory and sending merchant ships into Norway's territorial waters. But in spite of such intimidation, the Norwegians do not believe they will be attacked in isolation from the rest of NATO Europe. The Soviet military investment in the nearby Kola peninsula includes 70 per cent of the Kremlin's strategic submarine missile force targeted on the U.S. For that reason, it is argued, Moscow is unlikely to risk a pre-emptive attack.

But if ever the ballistic missile submarines did all sail out of Murmansk into the Barents Sea, it would be a near certainty that the Third World War was beginning. NATO needs Norway to keep an eye on such movements and isolated Norway, troubled by U.S. talk of "conceding the Norwegian Sea to the Soviets" in time of crisis, needs its friends in NATO.

After 12 months of argument in Washington, the U.S. Navy's role on the flanks is still being fought out, according to the influential U.S. *Armed Forces Journal International*. As things stand, therefore, the only forces unequivocally committed to this vital area, apart from the Norwegians themselves, are the Canadians.

Tony Geraghty

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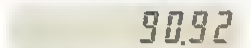
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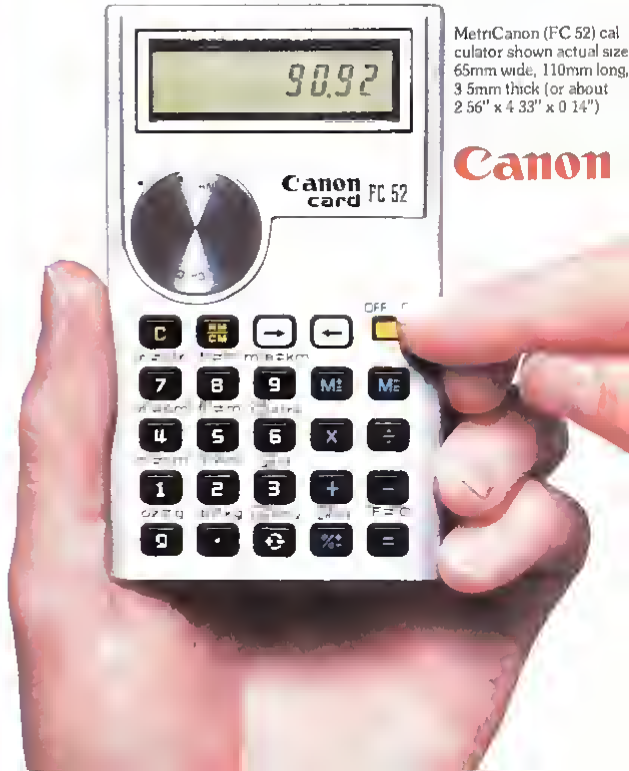
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Then [→] and [imp⇄l gal⇄%]



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Canon



UPI

Backfire bomber still uncontrolled

ies as Kiev and Moscow.

Where does Canada stand in all this? As a member of NATO's Nuclear Planning Group, Ottawa is at the centre of the modernization controversy. This does not seem to have deterred the government from having a nonaligned policy on nuclear weapons akin to Norway's. It withdrew its European Starfighters from a nuclear strike role against Warsaw Pact supply lines some years ago because it was felt that such a mission was somehow, well, un-Canadian.

But that leaves paradox. The air defence of Canada itself still depends upon MB-1 Genie (unguided) air-to-air nuclear missiles carried by 44 Voodoo intercepters. The Voodoo must perform escape manoeuvres after releasing the missile to avoid the effect of nuclear blast from its own deadly weapon. One Canadian defence source suggests that the missiles are potentially as lethal to the Voodoo crews as they are to the enemy.

At the UN special session on disarmament in New York a year ago, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau announced that Canada had withdrawn from any nuclear role in Europe. Canada, he added, was "now in the process of replacing with conventionally armed aircraft the nuclear-capable planes still assigned to our forces in North America." (The Voodoo replacement, in fact, has still not been chosen.)

Not surprisingly, perhaps, Defence Minister Barney Danson was absent from this week's NATO meeting in Brussels. After all, he had an election on his hands. And given the ambiguous record of the Trudeau government on the nuclear issue it is also not surprising that the Canadian representatives who did attend—NATO Ambassador Jerry Hardy and defence chief Admiral Robert Falls now on the NATO staff—sat as silent as two wise monkeys.

Mexico

The oil baron hugs a rebel

In November, 1956, Fidel Castro and 83 poorly armed supporters left sanctuary in Mexico on the yacht Gramaa to begin the guerrilla war that brought him to power. Last week the salt-and-pepper-bearded Cuban premier was back for the first time, jetting into the warm embrace from Mexican President José López Portillo "as a brother seeking companionship." And, despite efforts by the U.S. state department and Mexican diplomats to downplay the visit, there was no doubt that it generated widespread fears that a new alignment was taking shape between Cuba and Mexico, the rapidly emerging oil baron of Latin America, which could dramatically change the Caribbean balance of power.

Certainly it wasn't nostalgia that led Castro to make the trip. It marked a return to Cuba's "policy of rapprochement with the Western Hemisphere, temporarily suspended by its African military adventures," opined Larry Birns, director of the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs. Cuba, he added, was anxious to trade, and high on the agenda for discussion was the possibility that Mexican oil might replace what is now supplied by the Soviet Union and Cuba's desire for the expansion of agricultural and industrial co-operation. Castro was reported to be hoping that a long-term deal with Mexico might encourage other Latin American countries to follow suit, thus lessening Cuba's dependence on Moscow—which currently props up his regime to the tune of $8 million a day.

For Mexico—the only member of the Organization of American States not to bow to U.S. pressure in 1964 and cut diplomatic and trade ties with Havana—the visit was equally important. Not only do the two countries share a common cultural identity, which Mexico is making great efforts to develop, but there is a common revolutionary ethos. Said Toronto's York University historian David Raby: "Mexico is trying to maintain the image of a socialist revolutionary regime created by its own popular revolution early in this century." That image is propagated despite huge disparities in the distribution of wealth and a work force in which 50 per cent are un- or under-employed.

More importantly, Portillo hopes that by diversifying Mexico's foreign ties he can assuage internal pressures for independence from the U.S. Leftist opponents assail Mexico's ties to the north—the U.S. supplies $4 billion annually in imports and takes 72 per cent of Mexico's exports, including 400,000 barrels of oil a day—as neo-imperialistic. And "anti-gringo" sentiment still lingers from 1848, when Mexicans lost half their country to the armies of Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott in the name of Manifest Destiny. Now, with 40 billion barrels of proven oil reserves, Mexico is determined to be treated as a nation, not an oil well, by the U.S.

The visit, in fact, couldn't have come at a more sensitive time for Mexican-U.S. relations, which diplomatic sources describe as "very tense" since the disastrous foray of President Jimmy Carter in February. Carter arrived without the customary embrace from Portillo and left without making progress on problems such as Mexican natural gas exports and migrant labor. A bridge-building visit to Washington by Portillo planned for July has now been put off until fall and, says a state department spokesman, the issues remain "very difficult, if not intractable."

James Fleming



Castro and Portillo: snubbing the 'gringos'

France

A great leap back to Red Square 1

French Communist party leader Georges Marchais was sulking publicly last week because he and other opposition voices weren't being allowed enough time on the government-controlled airwaves. In Marchais' case, the wonder was that he had any breath left to complain. Only days earlier, as his party met for its 23rd congress in the Paris working-class suburb of St. Ouen, he took to the microphone for an uninterrupted and sweltering four hours to declaim what everybody had been expecting anyway: the announcement that the Communists were breaking off their seven-year flirtation with the French Socialists, better known as the Common Program of the Left, and returning to the bosom of Mother Moscow.



NOGUES / SYGMA

Communist leaders at congress: out of the oyster and back to Mother Moscow

Before the final phrases of Marchais' 150-page harangue had died on the air, editorial writers were rushing to their keyboards to churn out gleeful obituaries hailing the end of the curious phenomenon that only three years ago was threatening to swamp Western Europe: Eurocommunism. Given the current evidence, they could hardly be blamed. In Italy, the "historic compromise" of Enrico Berlinguer's Communists with the Christian Democrats had so disillusioned the party rank and file that this year they abruptly changed tactics, forcing national elections next month where they are expected to lose sizable ground. In Spain, despite a substantial leftist victory in the recent municipal voting, the Communists have not mastered the centrist tide.

Both Italian and Spanish Communists had counted on the psychological boost of a leftist victory in France's national elections a year ago last March when, for the first time, thanks to the alliance with the Socialists, Communists were guaranteed cabinet seats. When the left went down to defeat, Marchais' eleventh-hour squabble with the Socialists was blamed for sabotaging their chances, not only by his Spanish and Italian comrades but by a substantial wing of his own party intellectuals.

In the year since, that acid internal battle over ideology which has bubbled over into the public press has constituted the French Communist party's most profound crisis in two decades, and cell attendance has fallen off significantly. Indeed, as the three-day party congress under the oyster-shaped glass stadium wore on, it became clear that Marchais' tactics were to use a strong pro-Moscow line to camouflage his attempt to silence dissent among his own flock. Thus, after tossing one of his chief critics, Roland Leroy, publisher of the party newspaper, *L'Humanité*, off the national secretariat, Marchais hastened to adopt Leroy's hard-line pro-Soviet stance.

The large Soviet delegation, headed by politburo member Boris Ponomarev, beamed openly over Marchais' florid endorsement of life in the Soviet bloc as "positive, over-all." But, by the end of the congress, as Marchais lauded Moscow on the one hand, then proclaimed noisily that he was still a Eurocommunist on the other, even the Soviet delegates were confiding that they didn't entirely trust his reconversion, while the journalists who had rushed to close the doors of Eurocommunism were allowing that their judgment had, perhaps, been hasty.

But if Marchais' chief concern is rebuilding his shattered party and recovering that portion of French worker

support that the Socialists snatched away, the task may be more difficult than it seems. Two days after the convention ended, French TV programmed a dramatized documentary by one of his noisiest critics, party historian Jean Ellenstein, celebrating Leon Trotsky for his attempts to democratize the Communist movement against the repressive stranglehold of Joseph Stalin.

The parallels were pointed. Ellenstein, a Communist Jewish intellectual, was likening himself to his historic predecessor, Trotsky, while Marchais was being characterized as the ogre, Stalin. As the debate over Marchais' tactics simmered on, one thing was clear: despite his five-hour monopoly of the microphone, among France's 700,000 party members George Marchais has not yet had the last word.

Marci McDonald

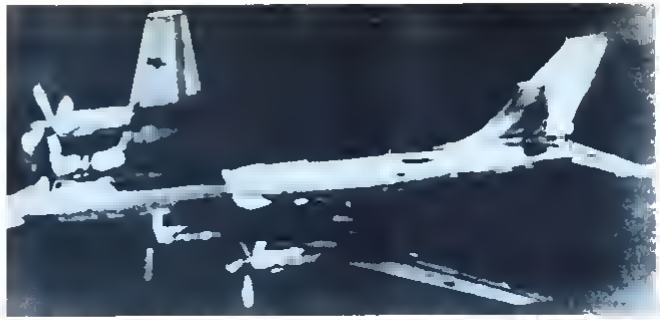
Japan

World War III: fact or fiction?

The Third World War in Japan. The Russians Have Landed is the title of Japan's latest war-scare book, a best seller that set the tone for last week's chilly talks between Japanese and Soviet officials over Moscow's intention to use Vietnamese military bases. The Japanese are worried that Soviet ships and planes at Da Nang, Haiphong and Cam Ranh Bay—all familiar names from the Vietnam War—will alter the balance of power in the Far East, posing a serious challenge to the United States' Seventh Fleet, the dominant naval power in the area since the Second World War.

But for the Japanese, there is a more immediately perceived Soviet threat, one that has spawned such books as *The Third World War in Asia* and magazine articles such as *Eleven-Day Battle in Hokkaido* (Japan's northernmost island). The latter deals with the Soviet military buildup on two tiny islands within sight of Hokkaido, where the garrison was expanded from 1,500 to 6,000 earlier this year.

Japanese military chiefs speculate that the Soviets are building submarine bases on the islands, jumping-off points for nuclear attack fleets, and insiders in the book trade suspect that army officers are doing some of the war-scare writing in order to win public support for rearmament. "We really have to be careful not to be overly swayed by the campaign here to evoke a false sense of crisis," said author Minoru Sase recently. "A military man is just like a little kid who constantly wants a new toy."



Soviet reconnaissance plane near Japan: just like a little kid with a toy

UPI

But in contrast to Sase, the government is anything but sanguine, for relations with the Soviet Union have gone from cool to frigid since 1976, when a defecting Soviet pilot landed his supersecret MiG-25 fighter in Japan. To Moscow's rage, it was returned only after U.S. and Japanese experts had studied every screw and seam in it. Since then Japan has made matters worse by signing a trade agreement, then a peace treaty, with China, and has tilted its pro-China hand even more by condemning the Soviet-backed Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia. Moscow views those events as part of a rapidly evolving Japan-China-U.S.A. alliance against the Soviet Union.

Soviet-Japanese relations are further complicated by the "northern territories" problem. Japan has refused to sign either trade or diplomatic agreements with Moscow until the Soviets return four Japanese islands seized at the end of the Second World War. But the re-





HIROTAKA YOSHIZAK—NYT PICTURES

Japanese readers: war-scare

cent Soviet troop buildup on two of those islands—Etorofu and Kunashiri—obviates the chance of a quick return, so fishermen in the area will continue to pay the price for their diplomats' pique the Kremlin's cruisers eagerly nab them for straying into Soviet waters

Meanwhile, Japanese readers are coming to terms with a magazine article declaring that if a Soviet invasion were launched, the Japanese could only hold out for 11 days. Whether that's fact or fiction nobody knows—only the currant unease is certain **Michael Clugston, from correspondents' files**

South Africa

Plugs for the holes before they open

The retarnishing of South Africa's image abroad has become an annual event In 1976, it wae the Soweto riots, in 1977, the death in detention of black militant Steve Biko and, in 1978, the Muldergate information scandals, which, for the first time, made the country's national government appear not only wrongheaded but also corrupt It is too early to determine which South African event will leave the largest international smudge this year But one ironic nomination for the award is bound to be legislation, introduced last week, which is clearly designed to prevent the press from uncovering anything as embarrassing as the Biko or Muldergate misdeeds

Tagged by the government an Anti-Rumormongering Bill, and by its critics as the "cover-up bill," the legislation would force publishers to submit allegations of government corruption or irregularities to an advocate-general who would rule on whether they were suitable for publication In short, no reporting on government scandal without government approval.



KOPEC/MILSERV

Prime Minister Botha (top) and editor Donald Woodland (below): no more farrets

The bill is coupled to two other pieces of legislation before parliament, one of which would reverse the onus rules of normal libel law and require publishers to prove they had reasonable grounds to believe anything they published about the police was true, and another making it an offence to anticipate the findings of an inquest Together the measures would have made it all but impossible for the South African prese to ferret out and publish the stories that showed Biko died a brutal prison death far removed from Justice Minister Jimmy Kruger's initial ingenuous suggestion that he was the victim of his own hunger strike

While the target of the legislation is clearly the muckraking English-language press led by *The Rand Daily Mail* and *Sunday Express*, long hated by the ruling Afrikaners, it will have general application Accordingly, the Afrikaans-language newspapers, traditionally docile apologists for the government, have loudly condemned what the Sunday newspaper *Rapport* said would be "a drastic reduction of already attenuated press freedom" (The bills add to a minefield of 13 different laws that South African editors have to deal with every day)

But the *Sunday Post*, the country's largest black-run newspaper, said the problems "lie in the deep racial and economic cleavages in our society and the totalitarian measures which only deepen them." **Dan Turner**



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Who'll be what in 1984?

By Catherine Fox

Senator Edward Kennedy has President Jimmy Carter on the run Last week the two men clashed over a proposed national health insurance plan, but as the tension between them mounts and the political pundits anxiously await each new skirmish, the intrigue has obscured the issues

The conflict is longstanding As early as the 1976 campaign, Carter was angrily saying he didn't have to "kiss Ted Kennedy's ass." But in recent weeks the pace of their duel has quickened, and Kennedy has the upper hand He has the White House scurrying to keep up with his latest attacks, trying to make the president seem more the leader than the follower he has become.

The scene last week was perfect There was Kennedy in the Senate Caucus Room announcing his long-awaited national health insurance bill No one missed the point that both his brothers, John and Robert, had proclaimed their presidential candidacy in that very room Now, flanked by powerful union leaders from the United Auto Workers and the AFL-CIO, Edward Kennedy challenged Carter "to make quality health care a right for all our people."

What Kennedy was proposing was complete health care insurance for every United States citizen starting in 1983 The U.S. is the only major industrialized nation without such a system The senator's plan would add $28 6 billion a year to the federal budget and $11 4 billion to industry and individual health costs if it became fully operational three years later, and he has the support of 65 national groups from the NAACP to unions to religious organizations

By Wednesday, the administration had replied with its own, more limited, $10- to $15-billion expansion of the current Medicaid and Medicare programs The plan was announced by the department of health, education and welfare without flair or ceremony—or the hundreds of reporters and supporters who surrounded Kennedy As one political observer put it, "If anyone but Ted Kennedy had announced that bill, they could've done it from a phone booth."

Reporters were much more concerned with Kennedy's presidential plans, however, than with his health project, since the latest challenge to the president came just two weeks after a run-in with Carter that sent "Kennedy for president" fever to new heights It has become known as the "fig leaf and baloney" war and it was fought over Carter's proposed "windfall" profits tax which is designed to hit oil companies when price controls begin to be phased out on June 1 Kennedy told a newspaper editors' convention that the administration had been "intimidated" by oil company lobbyists into proposing a token tax that was "no more than a fig leaf" over the vast profits the industry would reap A few hours later, at a news conference, Carter snapped back that this was "just a lot of baloney."

Carter and Kennedy: fig leaf and baloney

Next day, White House aides were quick to say that the president thought Kennedy "had gone far enough." But they were equally eager to explain that this was not "the beginning of a fight." And clearly Carter could ill afford a break with Kennedy in view of the current "Ted in 1980" clamor Kennedy has said repeatedly that he expects Carter to run, and win, but he has not said he himself will not run under any circumstances, and movements to draft him for the Democratic nomination have already started in New Hampshire (site of the first primary next year), Ohio, Iowa, Minnesota and Florida

Last week the polls were looking favorable to Kennedy, too Democrats prefer him over Carter 58 per cent to 31 per cent according to Gallup and, as history has shown, the symbolically important New Hampshire primary could start a presidential slide Even if Kennedy did not enter the race, voters could write in his name as they did those of

Henry Cabot Lodge, victor over Barry Goldwater in 1964, and Lyndon Johnson, who beat Eugene McCarthy in 1968. Certainly the White House seemed frightened enough to leak some unlikely scenarios for 1980. The *Christian Science Monitor* reported last week that a source "very close to the president" had theorized that Kennedy would run for vice-president in 1980 on the understanding that Carter would back him for president in 1984. But most political observers in Washington thought that highly unlikely. There was no reason, they opined, why Kennedy should give up his extremely powerful Senate position for a lacklustre role as Carter's No. 2. A Kennedy vice-presidency was on the cards only if Carter plunged so low in the polls that a Republican victory looked sure.

Meanwhile there were a dozen plans afoot to get Kennedy to run. One version had him waiting to see if California's governor, Jerry Brown, bloodied the president in early primary races, and then stepping in to save the country if Brown succeeded. But most saw Kennedy using the current game to influence administration policy—the White House would rather make a few concessions to avoid a possibly disastrous squabble—and save his presidential ambition for 1984.

Indeed, while Kennedy sat like a Cheshire cat on Capitol Hill at week's end, Brown breezed into town, hoping to score a few political points of his own. He wanted to ask the president why California was getting hit the hardest in the gasoline crisis, and to see what Carter planned to do about it. Although there was some anxiety at the White House the night before his arrival, the governor seemed reassured by the president's plans to alleviate California's problems by reducing environmental standards, better enforcement of the 55-m.p.h. speed limit and more federal money. With all that patronage heading California's way, chances of Brown bloodying the president next year seemed remote and so, therefore, did the need for a Kennedy rescue act. ✪

Nuclear fallout in the courtroom

The U.S. nuclear industry was given a hint last week of what it may have to pay for its mistakes when an Oklahoma jury awarded $10.5 million in the nation's first case on contamination outside an atomic facility. The judgment showed that the nuclear establishment—whose credibility is already at an all-time low—may now also be branded as capable of planting evidence. The Oklahoma case centred on Karen Silkwood, 28, a worker at the Kerr-McGee Cimarron plutonium processing plant, who died in a car crash in 1974 under suspicious circumstances as she was preparing to talk to a newspaper reporter about safety at the plant.

The issue was not whether Karen Silkwood was murdered—although her family maintains that she was—but rather whether the company was responsible for radioactive contamination of her and her apartment. The Silkwood family charged that Kerr-McGee had planted samples of highly toxic plutonium in the apartment in retaliation for their daughter's efforts to expose safety infractions at the plant. Kerr-McGee said she stole the plutonium to "spike" her urine to embarrass the company. The Cimarron plant, which manufactured nuclear fuel rods, has been closed since 1975. The $10.5 million will be awarded to Karen Silkwood's father on behalf of her three young children.

The ruling may, however, be just the beginning of the nuclear industry's liability woes. Since the Three Mile Island accident in March, six groups have filed suit against General Public Utilities Corp., the plant's owners, for $560 million. Even F. Lee Bailey, the famous defence lawyer, has decided to prosecute one of the cases. President Jimmy Carter's commission of investigation last week requested power to have witnesses testify under oath because of conflicts in evidence about the incident. Said commission member Anne Trunk, who lives near the plant: "We've been lied to, and the only way to get the truth is under oath." The Senate granted permission, and the House, which must also give approval, votes this week.

Another fallout from Three Mile Island was the abandonment by West German authorities of the major portion of a planned nuclear waste disposal project in the Gorleben salt domes near the East German border. While some waste facility may eventually still be built, it is unlikely the accompanying fuel reprocessing plant will be started. Further, the Swiss government has announced it plans a referendum on its nuclear program. In Oklahoma, attorneys for Kerr-McGee vowed a vigorous appeal in the Silkwood case. But anti-nuclear groups applauded the jury's decision. Said prosecuting attorney Gerald Spence: "This is a great verdict for the American people. A jury in a democracy can still cut through all the red tape." ✪



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Silkwood's car: victory for the people

Roads of death, rivers of gall

The Lone Star state of Texas hasn't been so worried since the Mexicans took the Alamo. Someone has poisoned the roads. There's arsenic under the highways and cyanide on the byways. Cattle are dying, people are getting mysteriously sick and one of the state's major reservoirs may be threatened. It is a bizarre and potentially disastrous case of chemical dumping. A government inquiry will be opened on May 30. In the meantime, roads are being dug up and destroyed.

The situation first came to light earlier this month when a rancher lost part of a herd of cattle. They were simply lying dead at the side of a new road. The Texas department of water resources tested the water flowing off the road after a rain storm and also took samples from nearby streams in the Corrigan area of Polk County. They found traces of nitrobenzene—a known carcinogen—and cyanide.

The chemicals had been mixed with road oil and sprayed on the road to keep down dust. "It's just fantastic," said Margaret Power, who lives near the site. "It seems that the company that services this road used deadly poison without ever thinking of its effects. People around here have been getting sick a lot lately and now we think it's because they've been breathing this stuff in."

As the state's health department widened its investigation, it found the poison had been used on new roads in five east Texas subdivisions. The Texas Water Commission has issued an order prohibiting the Houston-based Browning-Ferris Industries Chemical Services Inc. from disposing of "hazardous waste" at unauthorized sites. The department is also investigating reports of mysterious illnesses in the area. Said a spokesman: "We want to examine everyone who has been sick over the last few weeks."

Alerted by the news from the eastern part of the state, Lila Cockrell, the mayor of San Antonio (site of the Alamo), began to wonder again about the mysterious deaths of some 100 cows in her area. She ordered tests to be taken from asphalt on new roads. And although conclusive evidence has not yet been established, it seems arsenic is present. Said public works director Frank Kiolbassa: "We are looking into the possibility that sodium arsenic may have been used to undercoat road beds to prevent the growth of foliage," i.e. weeds. "I am very concerned," said the mayor. That may prove the under-reaction of the year. One of the roads where arsenic is believed to have been used runs right past the Edwards Aquifer, San Antonio's water supply. "If we've got arsenic in our drinking water, nothing can be sacred," said a city official.

Two congressional investigators have been sent to Washington with subpoenas to check the records of two chemical companies. They are not sure if the cyanide and the nitrobenzene were put in road oil by mistake or if it was done deliberately to get rid of the substances—which are difficult and expensive to dispose of safely.

However, Melvin Grizzard, a Houston chemist who used to work for one of the companies concerned, has told the federal investigators that he was forced to resign his job last year because he refused to mix cyanide with road oil. He will tell the government inquiry later this month that, when he reported the matter to the state authorities, they said that they could do nothing about it.

William Lowther

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DAVID CLARK

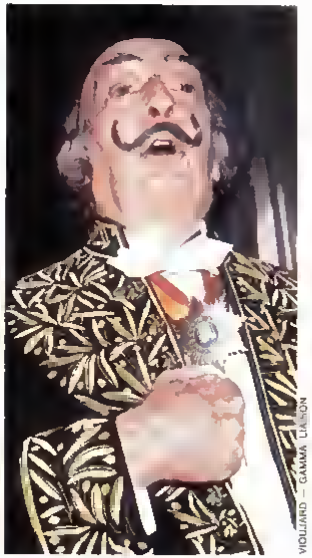
Eesl and Dickinson 'is that all ha ia?'

People

It's Participaction with a price. But Vancouver millionaire **Nelson Skalbania**, who can well afford to indulge his personal peccadillos, has swung a deal with a local YMCA to ensure he gets his daily dose of exercise. Skalbania has been known to dabble in the corporate boardrooms of sport. he was owner of the now-defunct Indianapolis Racers of the WHA, which signed 17-year-old **Wayne Gratzky** to a $1.75-million contract, and is now part owner of the Vancouver Whitecaps soccer club. Recently he gave the Y a $200,000 cheque to build two additional raquetball courts. There is a catch: one of the new courts must be reserved at 4 p.m. each day for Skalbania's use. "It seems like a good deal to me," said the 41-year-old Skalbania. "They needed the courts and I wanted to be sure I could use one whenever I'm in town."

His upturned moustache may be a little thinner these days, but **Salvador Dali**, the 75-year-old Dada of Surrealism, is still being honored as one of the giants of 20th-century art. Dali, who's known as much for his self-aggrandizing showmanship as for his painting of limp and melting watches, was recently received into the Académie des Beaux-Arts in Paris for his considerable artistic contribution. As with everything Dali has done, he managed to stamp the investiture with his idiosyncratic hallmark. Accompanied by his wife, **Gala**, Dali accepted the academicians' sword, which he had designed himself in an almost punk-baroque style. He then proceeded to contravene convention by improvising his acceptance speech, to the delight of onlookers. Since the honor tends to confer immortality on its recipients, Dali was, no doubt, pleased to accept it. At his age, there could be few gifts he would rather receive.

Dali for the limp and melting watches



VIOUJARD — GAMMA LIAISON

Although best known for his portrayal of the young Clark Kent in the movie *Superman*, actor **Jaff East** has called it quits playing alloyed adolescents, figuring that one stint as the boy of steel is enough for any aspiring actor. "I plan to have a long acting career ahead of me," said East, who is glad he's not included in *Superman II*, "and I don't want to get stereotyped in one particular area." Nonetheless, East's boyish good looks have not been lost on casting directors, one of whom picked him to play the young Jack London in the $4-million production of *Klondike Fever*, which also stars **Rod Steiger, Gordon Pinsent, Lorne Greene** and **Angie Dickinson**. Dickinson, who, as TV's *Police Woman*, had a reputation for always getting her man, is cast as a saloon madame who deflowers the virginal London on the banks of Lake Lindemann. And although she admits East is "cute," Dickinson, 47, was somewhat disappointed to discover her co-star was only 21 years old. "Is that all he is? What a shame."

It has been a decade since **The Mamas and the Papas** divorced themselves from showbiz and broke up the act that lulled the 1960s to sleep with such tunes as *California Dreamin'*. But Papa **Denny Doherty**, a bushy-bearded Nova Scotian, has recently resurrected his somewhat dormant career and turned his *Monday, Monday* blues into a starring role in Halifax's country and western musical called *North Mountain Breakdown*. The musical marks Doherty's first major gig since his 1978 CBC TV summer series, *Denny's Show*, cancelled after one season, but it's by no means his stage debut. In 1975, the 38-year-old singer was lured to Broadway by the other ex-Papa, **John Phillips**. However, after 4½ months of rehearsals and five short performances, the show closed, sending Doherty back home. How does the former star spend his time, apart from counting his royalties? "I've been doing nothing," he said. "Nothing except seeing the province and catching up on the 17 years I spent in the States."

Since 1974, when she retired from politics to a life of rural routine, little has been heard from Ulster's angry young woman **Bernadette Devlin**. But once a freedom fighter, always a freedom fighter. Devlin is back, having offered to run for one of three Northern Ireland seats in the 410 member European parliament's first direct elections, which will take place from June 7 to June 10. Since 1969, when, at the age of 21, she became the youngest woman to sit in the British Parliament, Devlin has been known for her somewhat radical and unorthodox approach to parliamentary etiquette. Apart from spending time as an MP behind bars for participating in illegal civil rights marches, Devlin was also arrested for assaulting **Reginald Maudling**, the home secretary in charge of Northern Ireland. Although, as the mother of a seven-year-old daughter, whom she had by schoolteacher **Michael McAliskey** before they were married six months later, it would be understandable if time had tempered her— don't bet on it. Devlin-McAliskey is running as an "anti-repression candidate." Her platform? It attacks Britain for recent charges of violating civil rights in Ulster. *Plus ça change*.

Davlin: don't bet on time tempering her

One of the little sacrifices **Popa John Paul II** had to make when he became the 264th leader of the Roman Catholic Church last fall was to forgo such sporty pastimes as skiing, tennis and swimming in the face of putting in a 17-hour day. But all work and no play has given John Paul II a bit of a papal paunch, a fact that slightly concerns the 59-year-old once-fit pontiff. In order to remedy the situation, construction is under way to build the Pope a 40-by-82-foot swimming pool at his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo, 15 miles south of Rome. Vatican sources allow that the pool should be ready for papal use by mid-June. And not a minute too soon. On June 10, the Pope will come back from visiting the 30 million Catholics in his native Poland, a visit which observers feel could spark conflict between the socialist state and the church.



CAMERA 5

Should the Pope find himself in a heated position there, he'll no doubt look forward to cooling off on his return.

Barbick and Cameron a lame closet jock



America's *Paper Lion*, **George Plimpton**, did it first, but featherweight folk minstrel **John Allan Cameron** thought he could do it better when he challenged some of Canada's top athletes in order to prove he was no paper guitar-picker. Cameron, a 40-year-old Maritimer, went toe-to-toe with such stars as Ottawa Rough Rider **Tony Gabriel**, hockey's **Eddie Shack**, Olympic swimmer **Nancy Garapick**, tennis' **Don Fontana** and Canadian heavyweight boxer **Trevor Barbick** while taping a 12-week CBC summer series. The shows will feature music as well as Cameron's macho masochism, but should his strumming be not as hot as his scrumming, you'll know why. After a bout with Halifax's Berbick, the singer was gingerly nursing a swollen right hand. Although admitting Berbick was "very kind," Cameron obviously left the ring with his ego intact. "I've been a boxing fan much longer than Berbick," said the closet jock lamely. "I know more about boxing than he does. It's just that he has the technique, the strength and the build."

Edited by Jane O'Hara

Of dressing rooms and kings

By Hal Quinn

High above the ice at the Montreal Forum are the silent and constant reminders. They are strung from end to end, interrupted only by the gigantic scoreboard and penalty clock. They are dated, these Coupe Stanley Cup pennants, and the newest of the 21 bracket the championship seasons from 1976 to 1978. Another pair represent the opening of the decade, another three the mid-'60s, and the line begins in 1916.

The memories and legends of *Les Canadiens* stock the Forum—Hainsworth, Johat, Vezina, Morenz, Loch—and those who added to the string of pennants in recent memory still walk the corridors—Richard, Blake, Harvey, Béliveau. The faces of the architects of the Canadiens' heritage line the walls of the Montreal dressing room, under the bilingual inscription about failing hands, a torch passed—silent and constant.

"It's definitely not the greatest dressing room," says Mark Napier, who now wears No. 31 of the tricolor and saw the room for the first time during last year's playoffs. "But it does something to you. You look at those faces on the walls and remember all the Stanley Cups they've won and something swells inside you. Suddenly you want to do what those men have done."

High above the ice at Madison Square Garden in New York, strung from end to end, are the trapezes and nets of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus. At one end are three pennants—not the type that fly at Yankee Stadium, but four-by-six-foot flags heralding the Rangers' cup championships. Though dated 1927-28, 1932-33, 1939-40, they appear to be new, banners of Sonny Werblin's hype. They stare at two others across the length of the ice that recall the "world" championships of the basketball Knickerbockers.

Below the Garden, the Ranger dressing room is one of the greater ones in the league. Rock music careers through the meshed player stalls and bounces off the stick rack. Cold beer flows from plastic cups and lighters flare cigars and cigarettes.

Back at the Montreal Forum there are other traditions, but one—great goaltending—is synonymous with cup victories. There have been Vezina, Plante, Worsley and, when this year's finals finally got under way, there was Ken Dryden. Consistent, occasionally brilliant, Dryden has been the lanky, flopping, towering bottom line of the Habs' domination of the league for the past three years.

In the Canadiens' surprisingly arduous elimination of the Boston Bruins in the semifinals, Dryden demonstrated a surprising reluctance to block shots from Bruins wheeling from behind the net. The supposedly civil patrons of the frozen art at the Forum began sounding like the rail birds at the Garden.

Game 1 in this final iced what remained of Montrealers' love for the big lawyer from Toronto. Harry Sinden, general manager of the Bruins, has said, "You used to be able to count on one or two gift-wrapped goals per game from the Ranger defence," but this game it was the Canadiens packaging the puck on Dryden's doorstep. No less a stalwart than all-star Larry Robinson took to philanthropy and the Rangers waltzed to a 4-1 win.

The approach of Game 2 last Tuesday found Montreal coach Scotty Bowman unable to decide whether to play Dryden or his backup, Bunny Larocque, as a Toronto paper broke the story that Dryden doesn't intend to play in Montreal next season. Montreal fans, and Dryden, were perturbed over the story of his pondering over playing in the Soviet Union next year but the fans haven't been the only ones on Dryden's back. The Law Society of Upper Canada, while not opposed to six-figure salaries, prefers that those who have articled (as Dryden did in 1973) eventually come before the bar to be examined and defend something more animate than a net.

Bowman finally decided to start Larocque, but Hab Doug Risebrough changed all that. With just 53 seconds remaining in the pre-game warm-up, Risebrough's stick arced for a slapshot: "Just as I hit it, the puck bounced up on its side and the shot sailed"—right onto Larocque's forehead. Bunny's moment of destiny was spent in the hospital and Dryden was back on the ice.

"In a situation like that you almost anticipate a Hollywood scenario," Dryden articulated after the game. "The goalie comes off the bench, makes miraculous saves and the team is carried to victory. It didn't quite turn out that way." The script went sour after 62 seconds. Ranger Anders Hedberg parked a 35-foot screen shot over Dryden's shoulder.

The merciless jeers of the Forum crowd grew frenzied when the third Ranger shot of the game went through Dryden's legs as Ron Duguay accepted a gift from Canadien defenceman Brian Engblom. "Goalies are a negative factor, they are scored against," Dryden explained. "The booing has happened to all Canadien goalies, even the great ones."

As Dryden philosophized, "concentrated on constructive aspects" and tried to "normalize the situation," his teammates finally started to play their normal, traditional way.

The Rangers, in front of the uncharacteristically brilliant goaltending of John Davidson, had upset the Philadelphia Flyers and the heavily favored New York Islanders to reach the finals. Their Cinderella spring seemed headed for a champagne ball as they led by one game and by two goals in the second. But before the clock struck to end the period, Yvon Lambert, Guy Lafleur and Bob Gainey gave the Habs a lead they would not relinquish for the next five periods.

The Canadiens have stopped being tentative and, ahead in that second game, afforded the luxury of six defencemen. Rick Chartraw, Rod Langway and Gilles Lupien spelled Robinson and Serge Savard—overworked in the absence of injured Guy Lapointe. And the Canadiens, particularly Steve Shutt, demonstrated a belligerence not usually associated with the Flying Frenchmen. "You can't hit like that all year—it takes too much out of you," said Shutt. "But you have to play rough in the playoffs. Besides, they're trying to take money out of my pocket."

As the circus moved out and the players moved into Madison Square Garden for Game 3, it was the ticket scalpers who were removing up to $250 from pockets—for single seats. Inside, the trapezes shook to the crowd's roar as rock star Billy Joel stood where Roger Doucet would in the Forum, and finished off the national anthem.

But the cheering by the New York crowd, known as the "Brain Surgeons," was more for past deeds as the Rangers moved as if their blades had turned to pumpkin rinds. After the visit by the elephants and lions, the Garden ice surface was "brutal," in Dave Maloney's word, and both teams played as if reluctant to interrupt either goaltender's musing. Dryden was at his familiar posts, but only briefly was the success of his "normalizing" tested. Ron Duguay won a face off from Doug Jarvis and dribbled the shot to Dryden's right for the Rangers' only goal.

The Habs played well enough to win, breaking past a Ranger defence extended in attempts at offence. Shutt scored on the first shot at Davidson, Doug Risebrough scored on the fifth on a play innocent in its somnambulance. It was all the Canadiens needed to take a 2-1 lead in the series but there was little in the game that could warm the heart of Morenz or Johat. With little more than five minutes left, Mario Tremblay ticked in a neat pass by Lambert and three minutes later Jacques Lemaire brought the crowd to its feet and toward the exits shouting "yeech" when he scored on a perfect centring pass by Shutt to make the final score 4-1. Arms crossed, leaning on the butt end of his stick, Dryden was credited with an assist.

Removing the brace from his right knee after the game, Dave Maloney talked about the Canadiens. "They've been in this situation so many times before they're winners."

The elephants wandered in and out again before Game 4 on Saturday night. The game started later than usual but things were getting back to normal. The scalpers had to shave their prices as New Yorkers contemplated other entertainments of a Manhattan night.

By beating the Rangers again in New York, the Canadiens were a step closer to their fourth consecutive Stanley Cup. The '79 Habs were proving they have players whose portraits may one day hang in the Forum dressing room and whose pennants will join those of the legends who have gone before.





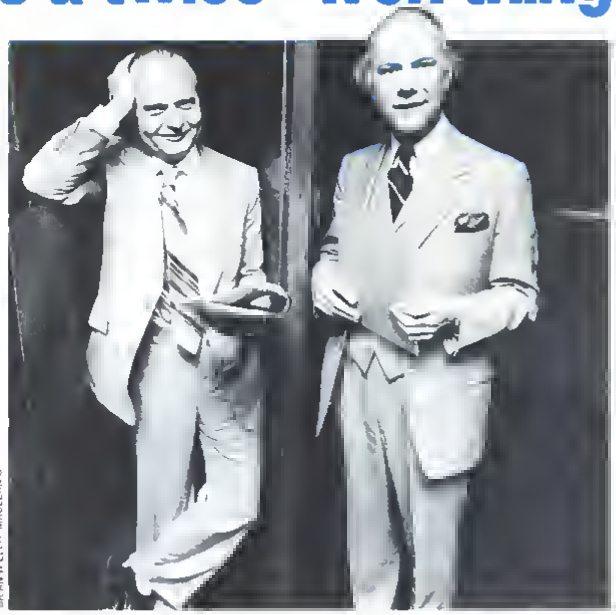
Lamaire and Mike McEwan (left), Davidson lets one by. 'goalies are a negative factor'

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TERRY HANCEY

Freedom is a twice-won thing

Who's Who in Canada, the elite list that sells its space, lies on the end table with a most unlikely companion: *Birds in Peril*. Author of the guide to endangered species is Jack Mackenzie, chairman of HCI Holdings Ltd., an investment firm with a $27-million bundle at work for its 250 shareholders, a firm that also counsels four very special individuals with $100 million among them to invest. One of them (the other three are secret) is York Steel Construction Chairman Max Tanenbaum, who has 600,000 Brascan Ltd. shares. As Brascan Ltd.'s increasingly entangled $1.3-billion F.W. Woolworth Co. take-over bid (see box) is on the way to clearing another legal hurdle, this time in South Carolina courts last week, the man who told Tanenbaum to buy Brascan starting in 1974 is steaming in his own soft-spoken way. Says HCI President Andy Sarlos: "Woolworth is not the right investment for Brascan—at least not without shareholder approval."

Sarlos, 47, is lounging below a signed William Kurelek print of the Toronto Stock Exchange. Amidst the dozens of traders in action, one sits with his head in his hands, as if he had just made the biggest blunder of his hectic career. Sarlos looks as if mistakes were impossible. "I wish I could say that, but I can't," he laughs. "If I can make money two out of three times, I'm doing all right." The Hungarian-born freedom fighter, who fled to Canada after the 1956 revolution, soon landed a $600-a-month accounting position at a Canadian Bechtel construction site in Northern Ontario, followed by two years in what is now Labrador City, getting to know Canadian business from the outdoors in. Today, worth $3 million to $5 million himself, he opposes the Woolworth bid, aligned with Edper Equities Ltd., the Peter and Edward Bronfman vehicle that swooped down in April with $175 million for 31 per cent of Brascan in two days of trading which were still under study last week by a New York court. With HCI's 100,000 shares of Brascan and Tanenbaum's 600,000, Sarlos speaks for about three per cent of shares when he writes Brascan Chairman Jake Moore that as a shareholder he has been "grossly misled." But he does not care to lead the fight. "Edper is spending all the time and money. I'm happy to ride on their coattails."



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Investment counsellors Sarlos (left) and Mackenzie: the revolution wasn't in vain

It is a fight that is getting more expensive on all sides. Brascan, last week, filed documents with the southern district court of New York charging, among other things, that Edper thinks "there is no law south of Toronto." While Sarlos waits along with the other 40,000 Brascan shareholders for the court battles to wind down, he talks about the past. After 11 years with Bechtel, he spent seven years with Acres Ltd. where he managed investments and masterminded successful take-overs including Inter-City Gas and Great Lakes Power. There were failures, too: investments in Electronic Associates of Canada and Kaps Transport cost Acres about $1.5 million. But he won more than he lost and in 1974, he became an investment counsellor and had quick success with Interway Corp. on the American Stock Exchange. He bought 10,000 shares for himself (putting up no money) and 110,000 shares for clients (who did put up money). They're now worth $32 each after a three-for-two split which means the initial $5 price has grown to the equivalent of $45.

Jack Mackenzie joined Sarlos in 1977 and the firm became HCI when they bought Hand Chemical Industries, fireworks manufacturers since 1873, turning it into an investment vehicle. Last year, on the purchase and sale of about 10 per cent of Abitibi Paper, they made $3 million for HCI, about $3 million for former Petrocan chairman Maurice Strong and reclusive theatre multimillionaire Paul Nathanson, and $1.5 million for other clients. Sarlos' theory is deceptively simple. "If you go out with the anticipation just to make money, you won't. If you are good at what you are doing, you do."

His greatest pleasure now comes from politics and foreign-policy studies, highlighted by a February return to his native Budapest for a round-table discussion sponsored by the Canadian Institute of Foreign Affairs. In Hungary "things are better than I feared. The revolution," he says, "wasn't in vain." He pauses and reflects on another victory. "Not to have to do things I don't want to do," he says. "That's the achievement my $3 million, or whatever it is, gives me." The freedom fighter has won a second time. **Roderick McQueen**

A plunge in the darkling depths

Buttle Lake's 25-mile length nestles amidst a forest of firs, cedars and hemlocks. Lying partly within Strathcona Provincial Park, it is surrounded by mountains rising 6,000 feet. After flowing through two more lakes it supplies the drinking water for the Vancouver Island community of Campbell River. And Buttle Lake has become one more battleground in the Woolworth take-over war raging in eastern courts. Western Mines, a 51-per-cent Brascan-owned subsidiary, operates a lead/zinc mine that, with permission, has been discharging mine tailings into the lake since opening in 1966.

Woolworth, through its New York law firm, Skadden, Arps, Meagher & Flom, is looking to hornswoggle Brascan any way it can. So Skadden, also Mead Corp.'s lawyers last year when Occidental Petroleum's $1-billion bid was beaten off, has a sudden interest in Buttle Lake. Says Pollution Control Branch Regional Manager Bill Thomas in Victoria: "Something smells about this." That something, according to Skadden assistant attorney Randy Mott, who visited Thomas twice in early May, is cadmium—a metal absorbed by the liver and kidneys—in the water. Environmental problems are becoming a familiar pattern in corporate fights with environmental material produced during the Mead take-over attempt (Occidental subsidiary Hooker Chemical created the Love Canal disaster in Niagara Falls, N.Y.) still reverberating last week before a U.S. House subcommittee.

We gave [Thomas] some cadmium numbers and I wouldn't have given them to him if I didn't think he should see them," says Mott. Admits Thomas: "He quoted me one part per million. That's pretty high." It's only one sample, reported verbally, but Thomas is adding cadmium and arsenic tests to the 30 other tests for water condition: metals and nutrients the regular spring water samples were to undergo this month. Other samples Mott cited tested at 0.6 parts per billion, about the same as the Columbia River at Trail where Cominco Ltd.'s lead/zinc production exists. Regular testing has never shown anything worrisome, says Thomas, who points out that maximum cadmium in drinking water is 10 parts per billion. But in his New York office, Mott says more information is to come. Meanwhile, cautions Thomas: "Keep in mind this is part of some stock deal."

Roderick McQueen

Islands in the energy stream

It is more than 2,000 miles from the Whitefish H-63 gas well 27 miles west of Melville Island, halfway between the North Pole and the Arctic Circle, to the sidewalks of Vancouver. Still, it took less than a day for the whisper of three trillion cubic feet of escaping natural gas to reach a campaigning Pierre Trudeau, and much less time than that for him to announce the find and sing the praises of Petro-Canada, the national oil company the Liberals created in 1975 that, for $2 million, has a 14-per-cent interest in the find. By the time Joe Clark had disputed Trudeau's right to call the gas Petrocan's own, industry experts were questioning the size of the find, and the most significant Arctic gas discovery in three years had been transformed into a last, lofting political balloon.

The Whitefish find, however, is more than just a bubble in the sand. Aggravated by the Arctic's short, expensive drilling season, gasmen have been limited, in more than 10 years of exploration, to discoveries of 12.7 trillion cubic feet, a level reached in 1976. Indeed, drilling rights to the Whitefish well were originally owned by Sun Oil Co. but were farmed out, when costs soared, to the Arctic Islands Exploration Group: Petrocan, Imperial Oil, Gulf Oil and operator Panarctic Oil Co., itself 45-per-cent-owned by Petrocan. Although Petrocan's direct interest in the find is five per cent (Clark said 5.4 per cent), the indirect Panarctic interest makes it 14 per cent. The situation is complicated further by nature's untidiness, as the discovery is spread over four exploration blocks.

That, and some rather marginal testing, had Petrocan Chairman William Hopper and Panarctic President Charles Hetherington touting the configuration of the anticline and extrapolating beyond what many experts consider a realistic estimate of three trillion cubic feet. "The potential of this field," says Hetherington, "is, my goodness, it's up in the 10-trillion range." But Hetherington is known for his en-



UPC

Test flare at Whitefish gas well: transformed into a last, lofting political balloon

thusiasm in 1972 he was predicting he would have enough Arctic gas for a southbound pipeline by 1974, yet in 1979, having discovered as much as 14.5 trillion cubic feet of Arctic gas, he is still at least 4 trillion cubic feet short of the threshold that would make a $7 1-billion polar gas pipeline a commercial possibility assuming that the technology exists and that the Whitefish find is, in fact, five trillion cubic feet François Bregha, energy analyst at the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee, for one, feels that "the numbers should be taken with a grain of salt Certainly the 10-trillion number should be discounted." He sees a pipeline flowing by the early 1990s only if land claims and environmentalists are satisfied. Until then, Hetherington and Petrocan President Wilbert Hopper will make do, beginning in 1984, with shipments by LNG tanker which will delete another two trillion cubic feet of gas from Panarctic's threshhold fund Nonetheless, the Whitefish find will remind everyone just how much Arctic gas is there waiting to be tapped. Another Petrocan-partnered discovery off Sable Island announced last fortnight is expected to bring that region within a trillion cubic feet of commercial exploitation With the invisible stuff currently supplying 18 per cent of Canadian needs, and consumption swelling by three per cent a year, it will all come in handy. **Ian Brown**

Shelter from the gathering storm

For 10 years, Calgary's dynamic development duo has felt the harsh spring arrival of the taxman bearing reassessment notices Just as regularly, Ken and Bill Rogers, president and chairman of Abacus Cities Ltd., protested that the harassment came because they took full advantage of tax regulations for themselves and up to 3,000 clients And, despite annual rumors that Abacus' tax-shelter empire was heading for a pratfall, it has always beaten the taxman This spring, there is beat of a different kind Last fortnight, representatives of the Bank of Montreal walked into the Rogers Calgary offices during a late afternoon board meeting and demanded that Abacus pay $1,575,000 owing Already caught in a cash crisis that developed last year, Abacus couldn't and the bank named a receiver-manager to handle Abacus' affairs

Although last year's losses were $1,660,000, with accounts qualified by auditors and share trading suspended after falling to less than one-quarter of 1978 levels, the Rogers brothers are bat-



JAMES LASOUNTY



WALTER PETRICO

Bill (above) and Ken Rogers of Abacus: assets minus liabilities equals zero

tling back They have negotiated the replacement of the bank's receiver-manager with a court-appointed receiver and are setting out to sell some of their assets "We are absolutely not in bankruptcy," Executive Vice-President Gerald Hipple said last week. "We have $500 million in assets No one is concerned that assets minus liabilities equals zero It is just a liquidity crunch Our money is in bricks and mortar."

Abacus, with holdings strewn across B.C., Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario, the Maritimes and the U.S, was launched in 1970 after the collapse of another mini-empire built by the brothers Abacus packages development deals (mainly townhouses and shopping centres), options the land and sells developer contracts to clients such as professionals looking for tax shelters When all the units are committed, Abacus builds the project for a fee For another fee, it manages the rental units Between 1974, when Abacus went public, and 1977 a 100-share lot, bought at $5.50, split into 2,500 shares, growing to a minimum value of $10,000

Bill Rogers, 40, traces the idea to his University of Alberta days when he ran his fraternity house out of money, consulted a tax book on business losses and engineered a rebate Armed with an economics degree, he and brother Ken, 38, a business administration PhD at 21, set out to make their first million. "By the time Ken got back to Calgary [from New York University], I only had enough money left to get his COD baggage from the train," says Bill Within a year, they had built five duplex rental units with a $10,000 line of credit from the bank They soon made and lost their first million, retrieved a 119-townhouse complex from the ruins and Abacus began

Trouble returned as sales dropped and more Abacus money had to be pumped into projects In February, five senior executives resigned and the Rogers brothers swapped positions A complex transaction last year, when Abacus purchased 75 per cent of Imperial General Properties Ltd of Toronto (indirectly using Imperial's own money), caught the attention of security regulators and is responsible for at least part of the current crisis The federal department of insurance has also started an investigation into Abacus' relationship with Fort Garry Trust Co of Winnipeg And Abacus' board of directors, including Conservative MP Harvie Andre, have been leaping overboard Three of eight have already resigned, and more resignations are expected at the annual meeting May 30 It was two years ago that Bill Rogers admitted "The biggest risk in the development industry is liquidity, having a lot of cash available to meet your payables" For Abacus, it looks as if the risk has come home to roost. **Suzanne Zwarun**

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Going the distance on the distaff side

Madleen Kane, a former model who performs disco music that Truman Capote likes to exercise to, winds up her new album *Chers* (Warner Brothers/WEA) mistaking a fashion trend for a school of thought and longing, in soft-shoe time, for yesterday's glamor. "As they say in Paris, '*Je suis retro*.'" On *No New York* (Antilles/Import), Lydia Lunch, vocalist with Teenage Jesus and the Jerks, sings *The Closet: i can't talk i can't enunciate and i'm treated like Sharon Tate*. The range of female viewpoints in pop music has never been greater. Still yet to come is Ethel Merman's disco album.

Some may have already enough proof that anything goes in the fact that Patti Smith has become a rock 'n' roll star—four albums worth. *Wave* (Arista/Capitol), her latest, is the least idiosyncratic. Still the poseur, Smith strikes less menacing attitudes—the Statue of Liberty, a waif on the beach. There's a lullaby, a hymn (complete with primitive Autoharp), an anthem and a version of The Byrds' *So You Want to Be (A Rock 'n' Roll Star)* with climactic guitars and Smith's own view of the business. "This is the era where everybody creates."

With ribbons on her wrists and doves on her fingers, Smith has never been so melodic, but other New Wave women still favor the hiccuping chant. On *The Scream* (available as an import since late 1978 but, with the addition of the British hit single *Hong Kong Garden*, just released domestically by Polygram), Siouxsie and The Banshees forego conventional musicality and make their way through dismemberments and breakdowns to the tune of metallic bass, insistent drums and Siouxsie-Sioux's sullen, chipped vocals. The impression left by songs like *Jigsaw Feeling, Suburban Relapse* and *Nicotine Stain* is haunting but not pretty.

The Roches are both Maggie, Terre and Suzzy Roche, sisters from New Jersey, have been welcomed as fresh breezes for their album, *The Roches* (Warner Brothers/WEA). Produced—just barely—by Robert Fripp, they sing complex but uncluttered triple harmonies accompanied primarily by their own acoustic guitars. Their conversational lyrics take unexpected turns, suggesting discomfort on account of jobs, heredity and married men, but over-all they sound calmly indifferent, happy to be singing.

Joan Baez used to sound that way, dazzling with her effortless soprano. But for some time now, Baez has been trying to shake her previous incarna-



Summer: the wind out of her sails

For the Record

THE GIRL ON THE MAGAZINE COVER
SONGS OF IRVING BERLIN
(RCA)
SONGS BY IRA AND GEORGE GERSHWIN
(Nonesuch)
Joan Morris, mezzo soprano; William Bolcom, piano

Her voice nuzzles up against the notes in *Cheek to Cheek* like lips grazing the down on the back of a neck; she syncopates stunningly on *That Mysterious Rag*, and in *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise* she puts optimist Lionel Tiger to shame. Joan Morris, with an aureate voice matching any serious singer's, finds new flavors and feelings in songs many people think have been tapped dry. She's responsible for resurrecting a dinosaur descriptive—swell—and her musical marriage with husband William Bolcom's piano is the nicest thing to come along since Nick and Nora Charles began their banter.

BIZET: CARMEN
MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 4
Conducted by Claudio Abbado
(Deutsche Grammophon, 3 discs, one disc)

Does the world need another recording of *Carmen*? Not really; there are so many versions around that if you listened to them all you would be able to sing the role yourself. But Abbado's conducting is so rhythmically charged and melodically velvet it would be callous to cavil. Teresa Berganza sings Bizet's hot-blooded gypsy sweetly, in the most dulcet tones this side of Barbra Streisand doing *People*. Berganza claims this is the correct way to sing it. This may be true. It is not, however, the most exciting way.

The Mahler is supernal. Abbado takes Mahler's child's vision of heaven (generally considered Mahler's lightest work) and gives it depth and passion. In the final movement he and mezzo Frederica von Stade lift the merely beautiful into the realm of the sublime.

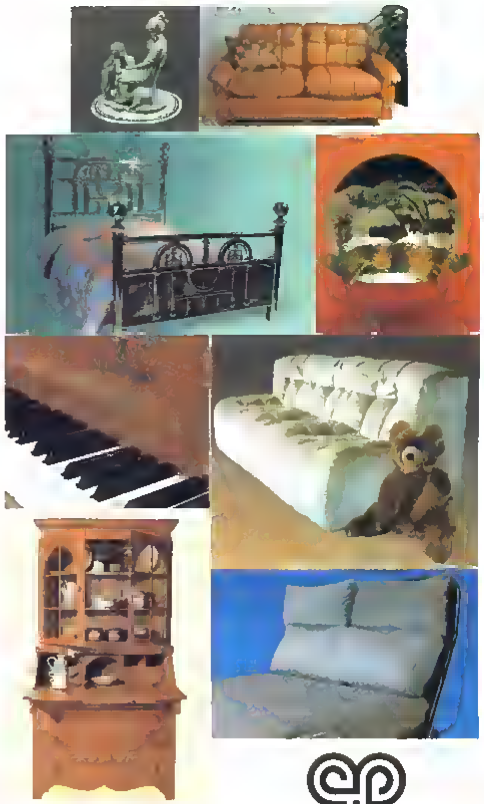


BEETHOVEN: THE FIVE PIANO CONCERTOS
Alexis Weissenberg, piano, conducted by Herbert von Karajan
(Angel, 4 discs)

Weissenberg's fingers force thunder from 88 keys. When it comes to the acid test—the Emperor—he uncovers hidden, lyric glories few have found before. Von Karajan's work with the Berlin Philharmonic is peerless and daring—stretching the dynamics nearly to the breaking point. Cliff-hanging conducting. The sound from Weissenberg's piano is often enormous, always majestic. A chariot-driven performance.

Lawrence O'Toole

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tion as concerned folk-singer and demonstrate her worldly wisdom. On *Honest Lullaby* (Portrait/CBS) she sings Janis Ian's *Light a Light* and Jackson Browne's *Before the Deluge* taking advantage of nothing in her voice but a warm pleasantness. On the title track, which she wrote herself, she talks about bitterness (*The town was much too small, you see/And people have a way of being even smaller yet*) but she doesn't really express it.

On *Blue Kentucky Girl* (Warner Brothers/WEA) Emmylou Harris fails in similar ways to satisfy. Portrayed on the cover as a country gentlewoman—velvet suit, lace cuffs and fancy boots—she sticks to her forte: sad songs plaintively supported by pedal steel guitar and fiddles. Nevertheless, even with harmonies by Don Everly, Linda Ronstadt and Dolly Parton, her pain is so decorous it's dull.

Donna Summer, her hand on her



Smith: the era of constant creation

dropped hip under a pink streetlamp, has laid decorum to rest. *Bad Girls* (Casablanca/Polygram), a double album where a single would have done nicely, again finds Summer convinced that happiness is just a thing called *Hot Stuff*. What's new is that she no longer seems content to let her voice soar over a dance floor. Producers Giorgio Moroder and Pete Bellotte have kept their trade-mark disco arrangements but have taken the wind out of Summer's voice. What's left can still hold a note (dramatically, near the beginning of *Dim All the Lights*) but is lacklustre and crude.

Unlike Summer, Millie Jackson has never strayed so far from funky rhythm and blues that she can't go back when she wants to. But having won a reputation for telling her business in raps between songs, Jackson's output has degenerated into formula: some gutter talk, a few slow songs, a few fast ones. On *A Moment's Pleasure* she delivers *Seeing You Again*, a slow ballad, as capably as Gladys Knight. Then there's *What Went Wrong Last Night (Part I)* and *What Went Wrong Last Night (Part II) I'm gonna ring opportunity's doorbell tonight/I'm gonna get fine, get dressed and go out and disco*. That kind of trashy monologue used to be amusing, but the salacious grin has turned clown-like. It's even conceivable that Ethel Merman will be more fun.

David Livingstone

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Behavior

A spring of discontent is more than cabin fever

The winter of 1978-79 will be remembered as one that most would sooner forget It has been a winter of records Record lows, record lengths and record snowfalls What started in most parts with a numbing November blast, didn't relent until April, even May

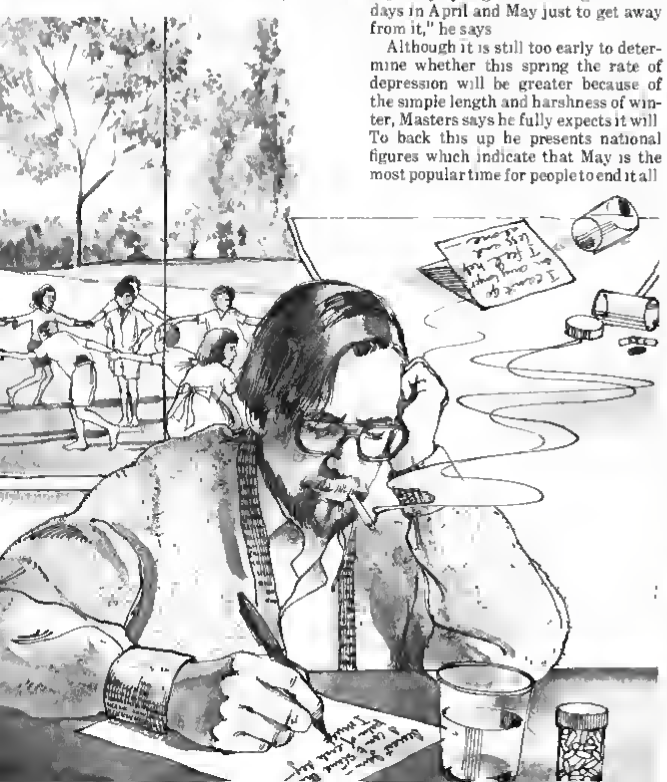
In Saskatchewan, for example, there was a stretch of 73 days from December to February when the mercury stayed submerged in minus readings The average temperature in southern Saskatchewan from November through February was −17°C, or almost five degrees below the normal winter deep freeze Even in April, when most expect showers, there were snowstorms and minus temperatures instead, for almost the first half of the month

So you would think that the final arrival of warmer weather would be an uplifting experience for those trying to unthaw True, but not for all There are some unfortunates who don't view the arrival of spring with unbridled happiness For them the end of a long winter brings a deep depression sometimes called "cabin fever," which if left untreated may lead to suicide

Dr André Masters, a Regina psychiatrist, says many people sink into depression during the winter months, but the malaise doesn't manifest itself until flowers bloom and birds chirp It is a yearly phenomenon, he says, and his patient load increases dramatically during early spring "I used to go on holidays in April and May just to get away from it," he says

Although it is still too early to determine whether this spring the rate of depression will be greater because of the simple length and harshness of winter, Masters says he fully expects it will To back this up he presents national figures which indicate that May is the most popular time for people to end it all

LAURIE MCGAW



"People are too busy in the winter just trying to keep warm, shovel the walk and keep their car running to realize they are depressed," he says "It's when spring arrives and they look around and see how happy others are that they realize they have a problem." The time lag is confirmed in the 1978 suicide statistics in Saskatchewan, which are the most recent available According to data compiled by the provincial coroner, the average was 11 5 suicides per month, with the only dramatic break coming in May when 23 people died by their own doing

Dr Amarendra Singh, a program director at the Hamilton Psychiatric Hospital and specialist in depression, says one common form is what he calls "cottage depression," which appears to be a modern middle-class malady Hoping to escape the doldrums built up during winter, urban dwellers flock to cottage retreats only to be greeted by frustration, which reinforces the depression they are trying to escape. "They are trying to get away from the day-to-day pressures and they set up high hopes thinking they will feel better if they can get away," Singh suggests "But I found that initially about 60 per cent of the time people have difficulty The high hopes pass very quickly"

Instead of discovering the tranquility and peace of mind they are after, people are confronted with added responsibility of taking care of their summer homes But since the causes are exogenous, or external, Singh says they can be treated without much difficulty However, if the depression is left unchecked it can lead to acts of desperation such as suicide

Just general depression, or "spring blues," as Singh calls it, can be more serious In fact, the success rate for treating emotional distress created by a long winter isn't as great or as easy Treated early, cottage depression can be dealt with, but the deep-seated mental distress created by a long winter is much more difficult to relieve

An authority on suicide, Dr James Brown of the psychiatry department of the University of Manitoba, confirms that it is a generally known fact that the spring months have the highest rates of suicide As for cabin fever, Brown claims he is familiar with the term, but that he finds it applies more specifically in isolated northern parts of the country where social life is limited A situation, he notes, which often seems to lead to excessive drinking

But he did agree that the basic cause is a winter that can be as emotionally draining on people as it is physically taxing The symptoms, however, don't become obvious until the expected relief of spring arrives, but the depression doesn't depart with winter **Dale Eisler**

Education

Bawdy House honors for baccalaureates

US colleges are in a mess There's more lying, stealing and cheating on campus than in a bawdy house poker game And professors don't seem to be any better than the students

This appalling crisis in academia was uncovered by a new study issued last month by the prestigious Carnegie Council on Policy Studies in Higher Education The study warns that unless corrective actions are taken now the collapse of ethics will get worse For US colleges and universities are conducting a "frantic search" for new students at a time when enrolment is down And they seem ever more ready to compromise on standards to attract what in effect are their customers What is more, the dilemma could have an overflow effect into Canada For in some ways universities here and in the US are in competition Just as, for instance, Montreal's McGill attracts American students from as far away as Texas, Canadians attend US schools as geographically scattered as the University of California and Harvard There is a great deal of interaction

This year American universities will be trying harder than ever to tempt Canadian students Because of slipping enrolment, college boards fear that come September and the new school year, there will be professors with empty lecture halls and nothing else to do Said research demographer Thomas Kane of the Population Reference Bureau in Washington, D C "There is no shortage of college-age people in America right now It may be just that they are opting not to go to college because they get an unusable degree"

The push for foreign students who can pay tuition but may not be well qualified is on Foreign student enrolment rose 13 per cent in a single academic year, from 179,300 in 1976-77 to 203,100 in 1977-78

According to the Carnegie study, which involved interviews with hundreds of students and professors as well as the close examination of universities from coast to coast, there are six major problems

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- granting of academic credit for insufficient and inadequate work
- dishonest advertising by institutions seeking students

"These abuses may indicate a larger and more deep-seated problem—a general loss of self-confidence and mutual trust between institutions and students and a general decline in integrity of conduct on campus," says the report.

One Carnegie survey found that 8.8 per cent of undergraduates said cheating was necessary to get the grades they want. When a similar survey was taken 10 years ago only 7.5 per cent were cheating. For undergraduates at research universities, the figure rose from 5.4 per cent in 1969 to 9.8 per cent in 1976.

Connected with the cheating and as an aid to plagiarism, students are also attacking their college libraries with the appetite of termites. Eighty per cent of institutions in the Carnegie survey reported mutilation of periodicals to be a serious problem.

On the other side of the lectern, honesty would seem to be little better. To promote their schools, large numbers of professors are marking papers at far lower standards than they should. The council study found that "grade inflation is a problem throughout the country." Between 1969 and 1976, the proportion of students with an A or B grade point average rose from 35 to 59 per cent while those with a C average or less dropped from 25 to 13 per cent over the same period. There is no suggestion that the students are getting smarter.

To aggravate this illusion of academic excellence, many U.S. educational institutions are also awarding credits for off-campus work such as self-study or television instruction. Students also artificially increase their grade point averages by over-enrolling in courses and then dropping those in which they do the poorest. And the council found that advertising and information provided by schools is often misleading.

To stop the deterioration of campus ethics the council is urging state governments to set new minimum standards and to screen out clearly inferior programs. But there is no sign of any immediate action. Said a spokesman for the American Association of University Professors: "It may be that there has always been this amount of dishonesty and we are only now finding out about it. It is one of the quieter problems of academic life." **William Lowther**

Happy days are here again

By Rita Christopher

"I had wanted to be a philosopher," an acquaintance once told Samuel Johnson, "but cheerfulness kept breaking in."—Lionel Tiger in *Optimism: The Biology of Hope*.

This cheerfulness, happiness, some might say, in times that call for gloom at least, navel gazing at most, is a strange thing. During the height of the Black Death, 14th-century Europe witnessed a veritable orgy of mad revelry. The French Revolution produced an outbreak of hysterical gaiety that led to a loosening of everything from corsets to morals. (When Napoleon asked Talleyrand to produce a suitable number of virgins to participate in his coronation ceremonies, the bishop is said to have rejoined that he couldn't find a teen-age virgin in all France.)

The Depression in the 1930s gave rise to the most spectacular escapist musicals Hollywood has produced—Busby Berkeley extravaganzas in which a stunning assemblage of well-endowed chorines tapped their way enthusiastically through scenery so palatial it seemed as though the stage was layered with $100 bills. Abandoning apple stand and soup kitchen, a mirth-starved population flocked to the celluloid wonders, whistling the grim decade's most popular tune *Happy Days Are Here Again*. Today, cheerfulness, or happiness, is breaking in on such overwhelming world problems as overpopulation, the energy crisis, the despoliation of the environment and the possibility of nuclear holocaust. They are problems unlike those of the '30s, and so are our panaceas.

Educated, over-educated, until we are at one with the technical jargon of Freudian psychology, we have given up mad revelry, or, for that matter, celluloid happy days for books about how to be happy, relentlessly using our reason to bludgeon our emotions into a state of satisfaction. And if the books do not ultimately reward our diligence, they are at least providing enrichment for the publishing industry. From supermarket display racks to downtown bookstores the hyped literature of bliss screams for attention. *How to Be Your Own Best Friend, How to Love Every Minute of Your Life, How to Get Whatever You Want*.

The pursuit of happiness has become as firmly embedded in the publishing industry as it is in the United States Constitution, surely the only document of its kind to suggest that happiness is a right of citizenship.

Long the province of poets and philosophers, happiness, as befits its new status, has now become the domain of the social scientists. Armed with questionnaires and charts, the newest researchers produce no incandescent odes to joy. Instead they flood the newsstands with statistical profiles of post-industrial bliss.

U.S. author Gail Sheehy, whose best seller *Passages* illuminated the wonders of adult life, beseeches readers of *Redbook* and *Esquire* to respond to yet another happiness questionnaire for a forthcoming book on the state of our emotions. Columbia University psychologist Jonathan Freedman has paved the way with *Happy People*, enticingly subtitled, *What Happiness Is, Who Has It and Why*, and New York psychiatrist Willard Gaylin has weighed in with *Feelings*, a book that assures readers, cheerfully, if somewhat tautologically that "It is good to 'feel good.'"

But the most controversial of the harbingers of glad tidings is Canadian anthropologist Lionel Tiger. Fortunately, Tiger is no stranger to controversy. His first book, *Men in Groups*, published 10 years ago, turned him into an instant celebrity.

Now, Tiger's just-published *Optimism: The Biology of Hope* (General Publishing), promises to set as many tongues wagging as his earlier book. Optimism, Tiger maintains, is not a



BRIAN WILLER/MACLEAN'S

Happiness: it is a strange thing

function of fortuitous circumstance but of our genes. That glow of contentment is not simply a matter of balancing the cheque book, paying off the mortgage, winning the Irish Sweepstakes or finding a rich relative, it is as much a function of our biological inheritance as blue eyes or blonde hair.

For Tiger, optimism inspires a range of human activity from changing hairstyles to devising schemes for national welfare reform. It is, he claims, our "psychological sweet tooth," as addictive to our spirits as nutritionists assure us white sugar is to our metabolism. "Little optimism," as Tiger denotes the motivator of personal dreams, encourages us to have children, to change jobs, to buy new clothes, and to dye our hair and jog to keep middle age at bay. The "little optimist" in us plans birthdays, weddings, anniversaries and renews the cycle of human emotions as inevitably as nature renews the seasons.

Tiger's optimism, however, is more than the sum of our personal dreams. It works on groups just as it does on individuals, leading him rather grandly to reformulate the Marxist axiom to read "Optimism, not religion, is the opiate of the masses." Mixing medicine and sociology with the abandon that is the delight of his supporters and the despair of his critics, Tiger labels this societal or "big" optimism, a sociohormone.

Our optimistic sociohormone works itself out in wondrous ways. For some it's going on a diet with happy visions of shedding pounds. For others it's the reassurance of a calorie-filled gorge. "Optimism doesn't necessarily have to be good for you," Tiger says, "as long as it makes you feel good." Optimism can be the simple act of planting a seed or the complex negotiations involved in obtaining ownership of "a half-a-million-dollar work of art by some long dead Dutchman."



MICHAEL ABRAMSON/CAMERA 5

Tigar optimists uaually do better than pessimists; good thoughts bring success

Tiger's message is a very simple one: optimists usually do better than pessimists. Good thoughts have the uncanny power to inspire success and once the process begins, it tends to be habit-forming. It is the prescription of the fortune cookie, the stuff of folk wisdom from the ancients to the Boy Scout manual and Norman Vincent Peale. But the very obviousness of the message doesn't bother Tiger. "I showed the manuscript to a friend and she said, 'Why hasn't anybody thought of this before? It's so obvious it's really like the bobby pin.'"

With what he claims is a special talent for the "obviously unobvious," the notion of a biological component to optimism first occurred to Tiger while working on *Men in Groups*. "It was a natural extension of a hunting society. What else would so regularly impel prehistoric men to challenge animals many times their size with rudimentary weapons if they were not motivated by genetically hopeful instincts?" His curiosity piqued, Tiger checked optimism in the British Museum card catalogue and found only a dozen entries, some of them dating back to the Middle Ages. "The trouble is most research starts out looking for deviance. We start out looking for what's wrong and we end up discovering how we have failed. Looking at the other end of the stick, why we've succeeded is by and large a new approach. Optimism is a strong component of why we're here but the techniques of research led to its being overlooked."

If social scientists ignored happiness they are more than making up for it now. From researchers at the University of Michigan to pollsters such as Louis Harris and Daniel Yankelovich, a growing number of analysts share the happiness pie. Working with the results of more than 100,000 questionnaires from the U.S. and Canada, psychologists Jonathan Freedman and Philip Shaver found that 70 per cent of respondents characterized themselves as happy. In contrast, only six per cent classified themselves as very unhappy.

Among the most surprising of Freedman's correlations is the finding that contrary to the dogma of psychiatry, an unhappy childhood doesn't necessarily condemn a person to a miserable adult life. While undoubtedly distressing to Freudian analysts who earn a living on memories of childhood, Freedman's findings should make some stand up and cheer.

Nonetheless, for Freedman and Shaver the results did come as a jolt. "I was as surprised as anybody by the findings," admits Freedman who theorizes that happiness is a kind of "default option" that comes into play when there is no reason to be unhappy.

The Tiger's tale: a velvet biology

Lionel Tiger is a short man's short man. His personality is bigger than his physical stature, which is why one detractor says Tiger has a Duddy Kravitz hustle. But he also has charm that leaps out of a television screen just as it radiates in a classroom. He is the kind of guest that talk-show hosts hunger for: sure, never ponderous, always funny.

New York has become his town. A dapper figure with an unruly shock of greying hair, he favors wall cut tweeds, ascots and natty velvet pants and blazers. But he retains traces of a Canadian accent and flaunts national loyalties by sporting a bright red Montreal Canadiens hockey sweater that he has been known to wear in fashionable Manhattan restaurants.

He has been in New York City for 10 years now. That was when he burst on the scene with his first book, *Men in Groups*, and since he has produced a steady stream of anthropological studies as well as pop journalism pieces on everything from the trauma of executive transfer to the Rolling Stones.

"*Men in Groups* didn't make me rich," he jokes, "just famous." But it clearly didn't hurt his bank account either. He drives a burgundy Alfa Romeo and weekends at his country house in Millbrook, New York with his nine-year-old son Sebastian. Separated from his wife Virginia, a professor of English at New Jersey's Rutgers University, Tiger, now 42, spends the week at his Greenwich Village bachelor's digs. He lives life as though he long ago decided that there was no point in doing anything small.

He very nearly didn't get such a distinctive handle. His mother contemplated naming him Leonard but reports Tiger with a grin, "she just didn't think it had enough oomph!" Oomph is what Tiger has in good measure. It propelled him from his father's grocery store on Montreal's fabled St. Urbain Street to a sociology degree at McGill University and a PhD at the London School of Economics.

While in Britain a friend suggested he talk to a young Irishman who was as fascinated as Tiger by the relationship between biology and culture. It was therefore with intellectual as well as linguistic appropriateness that Tiger teamed up with Robin Fox. The joke was carried a step further by arranging their first introductions at the London zoo.

Apart from being one of the funniest men I know, Lionel is one of the brightest," says Fox who collaborated with Tiger on *The Imperial Animal* and also teaches with him at Rutgers. "He creates a ferment of ideas but sadly he's had to pay a great penalty for being original."

The penalty is the criticism of his professional colleagues. "Tiger is certainly controversial," says Maxine Kleindienst, chairman of the anthropology department of the University of Toronto. Echoes colleague Richard Lee: "I think his views are soft scientifically, mostly pop stuff."

"Tiger's a bright young man," says the venerable Ashley Montague, "but I'm not at all sure about his biology." Adds Toronto anthropologist Frances Burton: "I don't find human behavior genetic. I think culture matters a great deal. You can make as strong an argument for crime and aggressiveness from biology as you can for optimism. Tiger's a serious scholar. I mean he's not a playwright or a cook, but I think a lot of what he says is trendy and cute."

Tiger has an impressive band of supporters as well, however. "He's really a major figure," says University of Toronto cultural historian Edward Shorter. He coined the term male-bonding and now it's part of the language. Notes Harvard's Irven DeVore, one of the leading figures in biological anthropology: "In the past I think we've made some rather naive assumptions about biology and behavior. Lionel's been very prescient about a whole series of new ways to integrate biological behavior into anthropology. His work is not perfect—no work is. But I'm very positive about Lionel Tiger. He's really a driving intellectual wedge in the field."



rizes that happiness demands such different skills at different stages of life that the carry-over of warm childhood memories may not be half as crucial as a grip on the current priorities Adds Shaver, "the difference between our survey and psychiatric literature is that people go to psychiatrists precisely because they are unhappy People who don't have unhappy childhoods don't go to psychiatrists, and they've never really been counted before so there was a temptation to believe they didn't exist."

Exist they do, along with senior citizens who shatter stereotype profiles by revealing they are as happy as younger people, and homosexuals, who in the Freedman-Shaver research appear to be just about as happy as heterosexuals In terms of sex, the real unhappiness is reserved for bisexuals, for whom every encounter becomes an identity struggle

Although the divorce rate has rocketed, married people are happier than single people And despite or because of the temptations of the braless society, sex rates lower than love, friendship and social contacts in achieving happiness, a conclusion that *Playboy* regretfully disclosed in a recent poll Religion played a very small role in general happiness

For men, appearance was not significant in satisfaction. For women, only one aspect of form appears to affect happiness—fat "Consistently overweight women tell us they would be much happier if they were thinner," Freedman says Recognition and job satisfaction are more important than salary in determining happiness, and though a significant number of respondents volunteered to trade places with Jackie Kennedy or Robert Redford, what was more interesting was the number who opted to remain John Doe and Jane Smith "I think if you tell people they have three wishes and make it a fantasy-type situation, they will choose money or fame, but if you ask what they want to do with the rest of their lives day in and day out, you get a far more realistic set of responses"

In the end, after all the responses were tabulated, happiness still defied precise quantification "Some people just seem to have a talent for happiness," Freedman explains It is a talent that philosophers and poets and wise grandmothers have been recommending for countless generations accept and enjoy

The elusive talent for happiness may, in fact, rest as much with our body chemistry as our mental imagery Recent scientific breakthroughs have revealed a wide variety of the body's own substances which appear to regulate emotional levels Researchers have been



JOE SALMA

able to locate the exact brain cells on which the newly discovered bodily extracts work Scientists have isolated human extracts called purines that appear to mitigate anxiety naturally and act in much the same way as such well-known tranquillizers as Librium and Valium Medical researchers, working with the brain extract beta-endorphin, have demonstrated impressive results using the substance as a pain-killer. "Beta-endorphin acts as a natural opiate on certain brain cells," says the University of California's Choh Hao Li, who first isolated it (The very term endorphin, in fact, means morphine within) Among the most enthusiastic about the possibilities of beta-endorphin is Lionel Tiger, who sees it as viable medical evidence for a biological approach to bliss "Perhaps the trick in Pandora's box is a simple one, chemical in this instance," writes Tiger. "Perhaps the promises of Marx, Mohammed, Jefferson and Jesus are engraved not on stone but in chemistry."

On a highly experimental level, Dr Heinz Lehmann of Montreal's McGill University and Dr. Nathan Kline, director of New York's Rockland Research Institute, have treated 14 schizophrenics with beta-endorphin and reported dramatic improvements, including temporary remission of nearly all split-personality symptoms in some cases What researchers have yet to determine is how the level of beta-endorphin naturally found in the brain effects mood changes of people not suffering from mental illness

The prospect, however far in the future it may be, of a beta-endorphin pill poses problems far beyond the scope of medicine

The headlong flight through self-improvement to self-delusion encapsulates the classic conflict of the North American character human perfectability versus the persistence of original sin We are the continent where, unfettered by the strictures of the old world, all is possible, technology triumphs, there is always a quick fix

But, above all, those who struggle toward happiness follow the books—carefully avoiding, of course, such tomes as psychiatrist Herbert Holt's *Free to Be Good or Bad* "If you promise people 200 pages to a new you and they don't get it," he writes, "they're going to be more miserable than if they never started " Like Holt, Boulder, Colorado analyst Susan Dickes Hubbard also lambastes the prophets of perfectability "Any system that purports to solve all problems for all people is, to my mind, immediately suspect." Echoes psychiatrist Gaylin "Happiness does not mean an absence from pain Pain goes along with happiness and any prescription that fails to note that is false." Nonetheless, such is human credulity or, as Lionel Tiger might put it, such is the power of optimism, that the path to the writers of painless prescriptions is a well-trodden one



In the cult of personality the biggest are the best

THE POWERS THAT BE
by David Halberstam
(Random House of Canada $19 50)

Make no mistake about it, David Halberstam's colleagues in the media will despise this book Whether they work in any of the news organizations he writes about (*Time*, CBS News, *The Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*) is immaterial They will loathe it with an assertiveness that transcends corporate allegiance And not because it is an indictment of their profession (It's really a loving anthology of communications folklore.) Nor because Halberstam shamelessly passes out compliments to those who could harm him while taking vicious swipes at the dead and the old (He writes best who lives to write another day) The reason, simply, is that they're all so bloody jealous

This is a *big* work, the modern equivalent of one of those folios Charles and Mary Lamb would spend an entire winter reading Moreover, it's a shambling, macho, dumb sort of book, with a score of reactionary, brilliant, dynamic figures, so that reading it is like attending a party where all the guests are John Bassett It's precisely the volume Halberstam's co-workers always threaten to write when they retire, but never do He has done it, damn his eyes, and he'll never be forgiven

It shows a different Halberstam from the one who wrote *The Best and the Brightest* seven years ago In that passionate Vietnam war book he was working with information that was largely fresh and immediate *The Powers That Be*, by contrast, is less a masterpiece of reporting than of organization He writes about *Time*'s Henry Luce, for instance, and William Paley and Edward R Murrow of CBS, who have all been done to death in histories, biographies and other people's memoirs And legends already surround Phil Graham, who took *The Washington Post* and made it profitable, and his wife, Katharine, who inherited it and made it famous The Chandler family of Los Angeles is less well known nationally, but this still means that little of Halberstam's story is new What's interesting instead is the way he marshals anecdotes to show the relationship between the media and politics For this is a book with an idea

Halberstam's subtext goes like this American presidents, starting with Franklin Roosevelt, began latching on to radio first and then television to sidestep both the party press and party loyalties and sell themselves directly to the masses, as one might sell soap Television, in turn, killed off a lot of newspapers but made the surviving ones far wealthier and more powerful So the printed monoliths competed with the networks in exaggerating the cult of personality inherent in the presidential system This suited the candidates fine and probably the voters as well On balance, Halberstam thinks this situation shameful and dangerous But how does he make the point? Why, by concentrating on personalities, naturally And pretty colorful rascals they are, too, for all their overfamiliarity

One of Halberstam's weaknesses (there aren't all that many) is that he's not a business writer and can't make financial manoeuvres fascinating He therefore refuses to acknowledge that Time Inc or the Times-Mirror Co have ongoing existences of their own, the way other large enterprises do, apart from the people who built them Thus we get another rerun of crude-man-

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nered, China-born Luce feeling ever the outsider and "more intensely American, more accepting of American values than most men of his intellectual achievement."

In much the same way he chooses CBS over the other networks, not because its news is better, but because it provides in founder William Paley a single figure on whom to focus. Truth to tell (and Halberstam does), Paley put profits far ahead of responsibility, stabbing Murrow in the process. Halberstam's more successful with the Grahams and the Chandlers, especially when they fail to fit his thesis.

A joke once had it that Katharine Graham lay bedridden in a New York hotel and asked her husband to run down and buy her a magazine. He bought *Newsweek* for $15 million. Phil Graham, in fact, comes across as a fine head who methodically made the once inconsequential *Post* the top paper in

Wearing down his shoe leather on the road to punditry

If The Incredible Hulk ever became a journalist he would probably look like David Halberstam—huge, large-featured, wavy black hair respectably streaked with grey. During the Vietnam years Halberstam often felt a rage to equal the Hulk's as he watched the horrors of war converted into truth-veiling Pentagon statistics. But 15 years after his Pulitzer Prize for covering Vietnam, Halberstam appears to have exorcised his combat devils. "I got all the Vietnam out of me when I wrote *The Best and the Brightest*."

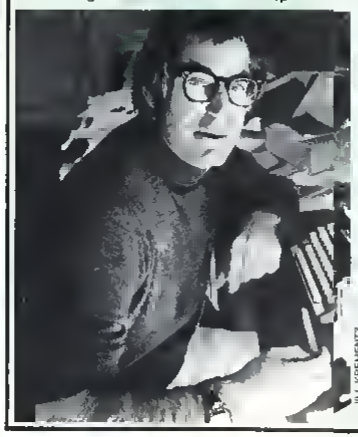
What he hasn't got out of him is reporting. "All I ever wanted to be was a reporter," says the 45-year-old journalist. What I like to think about myself is that I work harder than people who are smarter and that I'm smarter than people who work harder." Certainly no one can question the prodigious effort that went into *The Powers That Be*: five years of travel, hours of interviewing. "Sometimes I felt just like Willy Loman in *Death of a Salesman*," says Halberstam, waking up in strange motels and really having to wonder for a minute where I was.

Scorning the electronic revolution that brought about the media overload he writes about, Halberstam did all his interviews in classic journalistic style with paper and pencil. "I'm not going to deputize a machine to do my work for me." He also relied on that other time-tested reportorial commodity: shoe leather—enough of it to earn his $300,000 advance. "I talk to everybody. I just don't see the generals—what I call the four star interviews where everything is all set up for you," he says. "I start with the privates so when I get up to the top I know what I'm talking about." So extensive was Halberstam's interviewing that 500 pages had to be cut from his book, which is still over 700 pages long.

The very intensity with which he throws himself into a story has worried some of his colleagues. "I think for many years David didn't want just to report the action," says a Washington commentator. "I think he very much wanted to be part of the action himself." For the moment Halberstam is content to relax and leave the action to others. "I think I really need to take a year off," he says, though I think I still have one more book in me. When you consider the travelling, the interviewing, it's really physical labor. After another book, I'll be in my 50s and we'll have to see what happens then." He is not certain which institution will next bear the brunt of his meticulous scrutiny. The last time he gave away an idea, he confessed to Watergate reporter Bob Woodward that he was thinking about a book on the Supreme Court only to find that Woodward was hard at work on a book on the court himself.

Despite his devotion to pounding the beat, Halberstam is surely slipping over the line that separates journalist from pundit. Like author Theodore White, whose *The Making of the President* series turned him from a journalist into a quadrennial national event, Halberstam stands in danger of becoming not the chronicler of the media but the media incarnate. "I don't want to be a philosopher king," he protests. But only too aware of how the press creates heroes and wise men, he sent a copy of *The Powers That Be* to his good friend Teddy White inscribed: "Still in your footsteps."

Rita Christopher



JILL KREMENTZ

The hulking Halberstam: room at the top



Micherlande Sterlin: Father deserted. Mother illiterate. Earns pittance as seamstress. Family of eight lives in one room. No electricity. No running water. Food supply: inadequate.

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10/12/78 MAL 5269

the capital both editorially and financially. But Halberstam is at a loss to explain the mental illness which led Graham to commit suicide in 1963, when he was 48. Halberstam also shines when failing to explain just how, in the course of one generation, the *Los Angeles Times* went, if not from rags to riches exactly, then from being a rich rag to being one of the two best papers in the country.

General Harrison Otis, a Civil War veteran, had made it a weapon to promote extreme conservatism and destroy Los Angeles unions (20 employees were killed in 1910 when strikers blew up the building). The tradition, only somewhat modified, was kept alive by two generations of Chandlers. S.J. Perelman once wrote that he asked a train porter to fetch him a newspaper, "but unfortunately the poor man, being hard of hearing, brought me the *Los Angeles Times*." As recently as 1960 (the year the present publisher, Otis Chandler, took over) readers were amazed to find that the Democratic presidential candidate, John F. Kennedy, was even allowed a mention. After all, the *Times* had discovered Richard Nixon and made him what he became, though in the end they turned on each other.

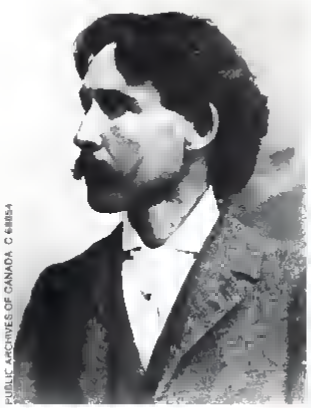
Otis Chandler inherited not only a cushion of capital but a non-union shop, and turned them to good account in the greatest journalistic success tale of the age. The story line shows through despite Halberstam's curious style. (He writes of a *Times* reporter: "To most politicians that was simply Bergholz being Bergholz, Bergholz was tough with all politicians, part of the game, but to Nixon, with that terrible sensitivity, everything always so personalized, it was not Bergholz being Bergholz, it was Bergholz being against Nixon.") Yet the prose, after a while, takes on an addictive rhythm that carries you above the theme and the shopworn anecdotes. This is the book all slick American newsmen have wanted to write but, despite its faults and its own limitations, could not have done half so well.

Doug Fetherling



Distant shades of things to come

AT THE MERMAID INN: WILFRED CAMPBELL, ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT IN THE GLOBE, 1892-93
(University of Toronto Press, $7.50)


PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA C-68854

This fascinating motley of a book began partly as an act of charity and ended with an act of cutting ingratitude. Two of Canada's foremost poets, Archibald Lampman and Duncan Campbell Scott, earned their living in the Ottawa civil service, early in 1892 they persuaded the editor of the Toronto *Globe* to run a regular column, *At the Mermaid Inn*, which would give them free rein to discuss whatever topics, literary or otherwise, were on their roving minds. Lampman wanted to help a neighbor, the poet and ex-clergyman Wilfred Campbell, who had fallen on hard times, and the three of them compiled a column every week for nearly 18 months. On Dominion Day, 1893, Campbell (by now secure in the bureaucracy) savagely parodied the kind of verse Lampman admired and had recently praised; this brought *At the Mermaid Inn* to a sudden stop. Thus Campbell, the most querulous and the least accomplished writer of them all, killed the very column born to help him.


FELIX KIT AND FRY

Lampman, Scott and Campbell (top to bottom): our society a sequel of theirs

Only now have the articles been collected and they read with remarkable freshness. Most thanks must go to Lampman, whose early death in 1899 deprived Canada of a fine poet, a clear thinker and a good man. His entries, like those of Scott, roam widely from the emancipation of women to the art of snowshoeing, from the virtues of Tolstoy, cats and Japan to the vices of the National Gallery. Because Lampman saw what Canada could be, should be, his anger is free of cynicism. "We are, indeed, only the scattered and intractable materials of which a nation may be made." Even as he deplored the wanton destructiveness of his contemporaries, he knew that "You do not need to go to the Rocky Mountains or the Yosemite Valley in order to find the beautiful; it is in the next field, it is at your feet." The book catches all three writers worrying about the sluggish, piecemeal growth of Canadian literature; it also catches them in the process of creating that literature.

At the Mermaid Inn, full of small pleasures, also serves as a forceful reminder that our society is the sequel of theirs (not that *The Globe and Mail*'s current revival is often the equal of theirs). Nearly 100 years ago Scott was complaining of "that insatiable thirst


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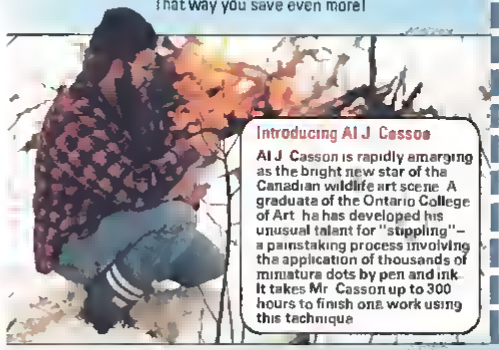


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for the startling or novel which consumes and parches modern life," while Lampman wryly observed how "most of our everyday amusements are merely the result of a blind and hysterical desire to keep going, to be on the move, and have nothing to do with heartfelt pleasure at all." The criticisms ring loud, neither man was snide nor morose. They stood for the right ideals: imagination, social justice, preservation of natural beauty, the moral growth of Canada. "Is it impossible," Lampman wondered, "to expect that any light, any gracious impulse, any ray of imaginative ardor, should penetrate the barbarism of our rulers?"

There are blind spots, of course. Although they lived across a river from the province of Quebec, none of the writers spared it much thought, their Canada usually means English Canada. Nor is their taste in literature always ours. Even Scott, for whom "A critic should have the most amiable disposition of his time," castigated Rudyard Kipling for his "unlicensed passions," "rude thrust" and "violent barbarity." It was a period when "quaint," "sweet" and "homely" were favorite terms of praise. Yet what will Canadians (if any) late in the 21st century think of our journalism? These men had eloquence, courage and wit. Lampman, thou shouldst be living at this hour!

Mark Abley

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FICTION

1 **The Matarese Circle, *Ludlum* (2)**
2 **War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (3)**
3 **Good as Gold, *Heller* (4)**
4 **Overload, *Hailey* (1)**
5 **The Pigeon Project, *Wallace* (9)**
6 **Chesapeake, *Michener* (5)**
7 **A Very Political Lady, *LeMersh* (9)**
8 **Who Do You Think You Are?, *Munro***
9 **The Underdogs, *Weintraub***
10 **Zinger & Me, *McLeod***

NONFICTION

1 **Beyond Reason, *Trudeau* (1)**
2 **Lauren Bacall By Myself, *Bacall* (2)**
3 **Sophie Living and Loving, *Holchner* (3)**
4 **Mommie Dearest, *Crawford* (5)**
5 **How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, *Ruff* (4)**
6 **My Québec, *Lévesque* (6)**
7 **Super Learning, *Ostreender/Schroeder***
8 **The Book of Insults, *McPhee* (7)**
9 **The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Tarnower/Baker***
10 **Operation Fish, *Draper***

() Position last issue
Prepared with the aid of the Canadian Booksellers Association

Column

Give up the imitation American dream factory—we have ourselves to observe



By William Casselman

Because he wrote *The Wars*, the best Canadian novel I've read, because he has labored almost 15 years at the craft of writing TV plays in Canada, I want to share my conversation with Timothy Findley. And because he still cares about his work. That should not seem corny. But in a forum ringing with the clack of easy typewriters and the back thumping of glitzy cynics, words like style, art, commitment are booed offstage.

Fifteen years in Canadian TV? Why isn't Findley sucking the golden tit in L.A., scripting *Laverne and Shirley*? "Because it's crap," he says. "The faces on TV for the most part are plastic doll death masks. Donny and Marie Osmond are immoral representations of the human race. Cheryl Tiegs, Farrah Fawcett-Majors and their ilk scare the hell out of me. Their faces seem to have been lifted before they reach 25."



Born in Toronto in 1930, Timothy Findley was an actor for 15 years, played the opening season at Stratford, performed in London and New York with stars like Paul Scofield, Ruth Gordon, Alec Guinness. In 1962, he quit acting to become a full-time writer. One early TV assignment was seven episodes of *The Whiteoaks of Jalna*. "A very unhappy experience, but everyone learned a lot." Recently he has completed three plays for theatre: *Can You See Me Yet?*, *John A.-Himself*, a vaudeville about our first PM that featured William Hutt, and *Piaf*, now on the boards at the Centaur in Montreal. "TV has too many chefs fouling the broth," he says. "In live theatre, with a much older tradition, priorities and proprieties are established. A theatre director can have the last word. In TV drama—a comparative infant—roles are not well defined yet. Everyone can snip away at your intent: a clumsy director, a nervous actor, an overweening producer."

Findley also wrote *The National Dream*, co-scripting that tele-version of Pierre Berton's books with writer William Whitehead, with whom Findley lives near Toronto on a farm they call the "Stone Orchard." Despite all the completed work, there remains the frustration of projects written, then stomped by CBC cold feet, such as a 90-minute pilot of Berton's *Klondike*.

"Television got drawn off into a cul-de-sac where instead of flowering as a separate and unique medium, it fell back on imitating older media, and cannibalizing them, too. So we got scaled-down movies for the small screen and 'transcriptions' of the great plays—classic comics that moved. And yet TV can be subtle. With close-ups, I can whisper in the viewer's face. One of the most spellbinding programs ever was a 90-minute solo performance delivered straight to camera. Hal Holbrook in *Mark Twain Tonight*. Careful use of the TV camera by actor and director."

Does TV call for its own techniques of characterization? "The process of creation is the same, for the theatre, for film, for TV. The character taps me on the shoulder and starts talking. When I'm writing for a TV camera I employ a 'closer' voice. Distance is the most telling thing. A brilliant director will always have the proper space between the character and the camera. I wrote a love scene with the actors clothed, sitting on a sofa. The director put them in bed, naked, but he didn't change the dialogue. The scene failed. Another thing: although there is a shorthand of TV, I never write down to the audience. But economies—physical, verbal—are forced on the writer. I had to reduce costly war scenes in *Jalna*. In TV, time is absolute. I'm given 50, maybe 52 minutes for my whole number. That doesn't mean simplify, it means clarify, always. You fight flat words. You weasel in complexities. You wallop with monosyllables, if you must. Unlike theatre, TV drama is not tolerant of pauses or silence or extended monologue. Pure Pinter can bomb on television."

In *1911—The Dunes* (one of two episodes Findley wrote for *The Newcomers*, first broadcast last February, to be repeated in 1980) he wrote about a young Dane and his wife who emigrate to New Brunswick at the turn of the century. They claw a life from the numbing forests. Camilla, the wife, is stone stubborn and wants immediate return to Denmark. She blackmails her husband: no sex unless he swears to go back. Hollis McLaren, the actress engaged to play Camilla, balked at "making her a bitch."

So the script was softened, losing part of Findley's vision. I quote American writer-producer Stirling Silliphant. "There's no possible way for a TV writer to control his work." "He's speaking from the Hollywood factory," Findley replies. "We have not quite become a factory yet. And I want to hold on to that in Canadian TV drama. Much of what I write does reach the home screen. In every project there are moments so well done I can cherish them. That's why you stay in the business. Something can come of it, if Canadians give up imitating American forms. We must learn that we have ourselves to observe."

In Findley's work, despair about the fragility of human relationships is deep. Puberty is bleak. Sons kill fathers. Sex is always monstrous, like the coupling of elephants overseen by a startled child. But lately there's some laughter in the forest, if not hope. Timothy Findley sees us still as little piles of ashes on a northern shore, scattered by the wind. But there is a figure on that shore, patiently collecting what the wind brings.

The Clark trivia catalogue: quick now, what's his favorite brand of popcorn?



By Allan Fotheringham

Twenty-four different things you didn't know about Joe Clark

1 When he was a youth, his hobby was collecting matchbooks

2. Jim Coutts, principal secretary to Pierre Trodeau, comes from Nanton, Alberta, 18 miles south of Clark's High River At the University of Alberta they were even then political opponents, Coutts, the Liberal leader of the mock parliament, and Clark the Opposition leader Coutts confided at the time "In this game you have to be a bit of a son-of-a-biteh Joe doesn't quite have it"

3 Clark was the first man ever to win a federal Tory leadership convention without leading on the first ballot

4 Dalton Camp is credited with the line "When Joe Clark comes into a room, Conservatives don't know whether to stand up or send him out for coffee."

5 When Clark entered the voting for the party leadership, he was supported by only three Conservative MPs—Harvie Andre of Calgary, Steve Paproski of Edmonton and Allan McKinnon of Victoria

6 Clark is a Coke-aholic At university he ate enormous amounts of chips, peanuts, cheese crisps and candies His treat was a canned, candied popcorn called Poppycock

7. In 1964, when Clark was 25, Davie Fulton, now a B C Supreme Court Justice, wrote to him "There is no one I know whose career would hold greater promise for success for himself and to his country"

8 On his visit to Jerusalem in January, Clark was shown some religious sites and said to his guide, "Has there been any appreciable increase in the desecration?" He was inquiring, apparently, about vandalism

9 Clark, a month before the 1976 leadership convention, predicted on national TV that supporters of right winger Sinc Stevens would move to him—the shock switch at the convention that ensured Clark the leadership



ROY PETERSON

10 High River, a half-hour south of Calgary, was a refuge for British remittance men The town produced the 1912 world championship polo team

11 Clark graduated from the University of Alberta with average marks, most of them in the 60s He failed French in his first year and, because of it, was turned down in his application to do post-graduate work at Washington's Georgetown University Says Professor Grant R. Davey of the U of A political science department. "I never considered Clark a serious or committed student—attending university appeared merely as one of several devices to advance his political ambitions"

12 Though most Canadians don't seem to know it, Clark is a Catholic and describes himself as a devout one.

13 Once in high school Clark came home telling his mother he had the choice of six essay topics So he sat down and did all six

14 During this campaign, Clark was introduced to an exchange student from Ecuador "Oh," he said, "what language do they speak there?"

15 As editor of his university paper, Clark led the first student demonstration against the 26-year-old Social Credit government in a demand for increased grants Clark handed to each demonstrator an instruction sheet: "Keep in mind, this march is unorganized, unplanned and spontaneous"

16. Clark does not smoke and is not interested in drink He likes whodunit books and any movie, the more violent the better

17 One of his professors, Lewis Thomas, said his mind was "one that got out of its accustomed channels easily."

18 Clark, at age 31, still drifting in Europe, writes to a friend in 1970 "I don't consider Trudeau a representative Canadian, he is too much a rationalist to be French, too inflexible to be Anglo-Saxon, when he went to Harvard he followed his true instinct, he belongs in the modern Puritan society, where avarything is coded and the code is everything"

19 Clark almost drowned when he was three, fishing with his father, when the bank of the stream gave way He still cannot swim because, he explains, his head sinks, it being heavier than the rest of his body His first swimming instructor was Merna Mitchell, wife of W O Mitchell, the writer who made High River famous

20 Robert Stanfield, after Clark served him as an aida and speech writer "I considered him too highly strung and nervous to be a practising politician I thought he would probably return to Alberta eventually"

21 When Clark tried London as a stockroom assistant in the basement of the famed Harrods, he took a flat beneath a bordello but had to move out because of the noise When he tried the Monte Carlo casino he was refused admittance for not wearing a tie

22 Knowing he would fail a final exam at the University of British Columbia law school, Clark purposely scrawled 25 pages illegibly in hopes of buying time for an oral exam He failed the oral

23 On his first date with Maureen McTeer at the fashionable Café Louis IX across the river in Hull, he got lost on the way home

24 John McTeer, his father-in-law: "He had a definite political goal in life, which was to go up"

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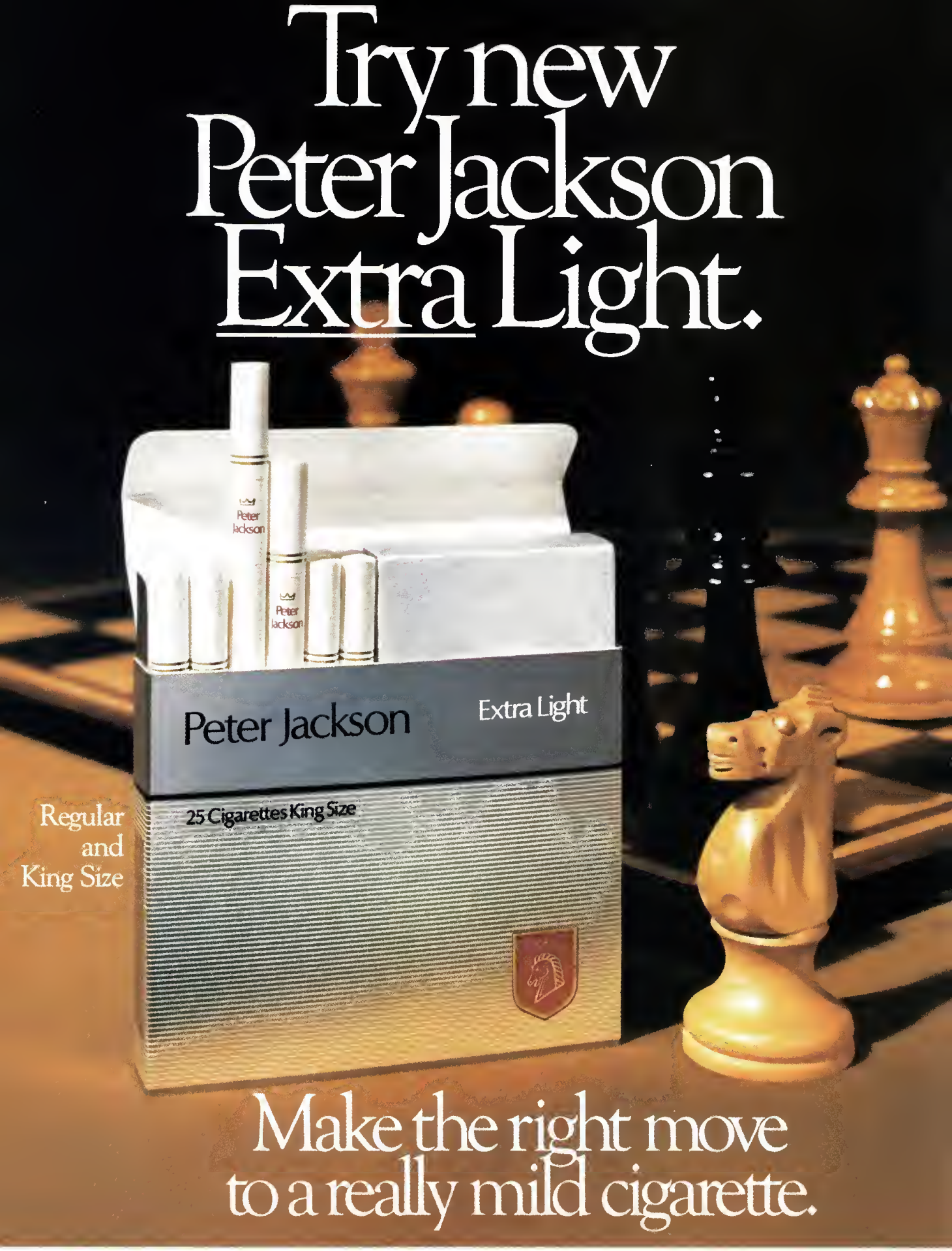
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